

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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THE KILLING OF SAM PRESCOTT.

AT this writing there is only one reasonable explanation of the cold blooded and brutal killing of Sam Prescott, Ashland traffic officer, yesterday morning—the murderer must have been a drug fiend.

No human being, even an ex-convict, would be likely to shoot down an officer of the law, without the slightest provocation, simply because he feared arrest on the minor charge of auto theft. Even under such circumstances one shot would have been enough, to render escape possible—the fugitive from justice would scarcely have walked to his victim when he was dying and fired another shot in his neck.

Of course this alleged Adams may have a charge of murder against him, but usually murderers at such a time, don't behave as he did,—driving along in the same car, and walking to a service station on the main highway to eat his breakfast. Criminals under the influence of drugs however, DO ACT THIS WAY. The drug renders them fearless, utterly without moral sense, no better than a cruel and pitiless animal. Under such an influence they will take human life with no more compunction than they would swat a fly,—and after the deed and until the effects of the drug wear off, they have no regrets,—no remorse.

THIS dastardly crime at least calls attention to an evil in this country which is almost entirely disregarded by the people at large, and yet which undoubtedly contributes more to the crime wave than any other single factor, with the possible exception of liquor.

We venture to say that 80% OF THE PROFESSIONAL GUNMEN IN THIS COUNTRY ARE DRUG FIENDS, that nearly as high a percentage of ruthless and cold blooded killings can be traced directly or indirectly to habit-forming drugs.

Yet on a doctor's prescription ANY PERSON can secure these drugs, and the illicit traffic in them runs into hundreds of millions annually. The time has come, whether this man Adams proves to be a drug fiend or not, when the people should rise up and demand, some of the money and energy devoted in trying to suppress the sales of wines and liquors, be devoted to a suppression of the drug traffic.

AS to Adams,—drug fiend or not drug fiend,—the sooner such as he are placed where they can never harm anyone again, the better for all concerned.

The present writer has for many years been opposed to the death penalty, but as long as that is the law, our only desire in this case is to see the law PROMPTLY AND EFFICIENTLY TAKE ITS COURSE.

MR. SWETT'S TALK CLEARED THE ATMOSPHERE

AS expected, Frank T. Swett's address before a mass meeting of local orchardists, offered no patent cure-all for the fruit situation. But precisely because of that fact it DID clear the atmosphere.

And the atmosphere needed clearing. As is customary during a time of depression, there had arisen in the valley a spirit of dissension and dissatisfaction, complicated by a confusion of tongues.

There were almost as many theories advanced as to how to best solve the problem as there were orchardists. And among a vast majority there was a vague feeling that somehow a miracle must be and COULD be performed.

MR. Swett effectively punctured that miracle balloon. He brought everyone down to earth. In a very sane, good humored and convincing fashion, he made it plain, there is no panacea for present ills. Also he demonstrated there is no more reason to believe that from the standpoint of years the end of the world has come, than that another millenium will soon begin.

Wisdom and common sense were the outstanding attributes of the Californian's speech. He raised no false hopes, he indulged in no speculations of gloom. He simply faced the facts as they are, and from them and the wealth of his experience drew his conclusions.

HE emphasized the obvious truth that the recent pear depression, has been merely a part of the general industrial and economic depression—the pear industry is bound to come back, just as all industries will come back.

How rapidly that recovery will occur and how far it will go depends, upon the pear growers themselves. If they can get together, control supply to demand, improve the quality of the product, and standardize it, that recovery will be more rapid and extensive, than if they can't.

Which is only another way of saying that the success of the pear business—like the success of every other business—depends primarily upon MANAGEMENT.

But times come in our economic history when even the best management can't avert serious reduction of profits. Such a period the pear industry is now passing through.

Prosperity will return. Just when no one knows, but return it will. Not for every individual in the pear business, or any other business. For while depressions come and go, Old Man Supply and Demand and the law of the "survival of the fittest" go on forever. But it WILL return for industry as a whole.

AND when it does, once more it will be plain, there is no short cut to success, no substitute for hard work and brains—particularly for brains.

Increasing the demand for fruit, not allowing the supply to exceed it, establishing a higher quality and MAINTAINING it,—these were the main points stressed by Mr. Swett. Nothing startling or new. But effectively disposing of the illusion that there IS anything startling or new, that can come to the industry's immediate rescue.

"Go back to first principles, keep your heads and use them"—that was the Swett message in a nut shell. Nothing sensational but in our judgment just about what the valley needed, at this particular time.

Now Einstein talks about peace. He's a wizard at picking out things only six men in the world can comprehend.

Disarmament is like turning the other cheek. It works all right if the other fellow is a believer, too.

Fifteen Years Ago This Week.

(From the files of The Mail Tribune)

Monday This is the 24th day of the leap year, and the ladies appear to shun their opportunities. Only two marriage licenses have been issued this year by the county clerk.

It still looks like rain. The fire engine made a run to the East Side last night, and hit an auto left standing in the middle of Main street, near Riverside, while the driver was conversing with a woman on the sidewalk.

A high school girl, while eating cheese in her home, cut her finger and while watching it bleed fell on a kettle of hot water, and behind the kitchen stove. She sustained a badly burned arm, but is able to attend school.

Tuesday Two citizens arguing the taxes, engage in fistfights in front of city hall.

The rain continues, but farmers report it is not in the ground enough.

Democratic party certain to nominate Woodrow Wilson, seek slogan for the campaign. (Ed. note: Later events proved they found it, in "Thank God! He Kept Us Out of War.")

Council decides to build sidewalk in front of Jackson school, over protest of abutting property owners.

Revival of the Rogue River fish squabble threatened.

Wednesday Addition planned for high school next year.

Professor Reimer rapped for statement about lime fertilizers.

Valley shipped 436 cars of fruit last year—a record breaker.

Terrific storm deluges California. William Mitchell named high school yell leader.

Thursday Farmers view proposed irrigation schemes for valley with "indifference."

Crossing watchman throws lantern at lady outsider, who insisted on endeavoring to knock the locomotive of the southbound Shasta off the track.

Husband of lady driver late, irked, and aroused to no avail.

Sunshine follows a week of winter, with ice and snow.

Medford and Roseburg quints to play for district championship.

Friday The marriage of Miss Helen Purucker is announced.

Mrs. Glen Frabrick entertains a number of friends at "hearts."

Miss Jeanette Patterson entertained a number of the high school set at her home.

The Epworth League of the Methodist church, held a roller skating party.

The Colony club met at the Hotel Medford to busto bandages for Belgians.

Saturday The Grizzly club maps out walking campaign for coming walking season.

Fruit inspection held waste of public money by cattlemen of Klamath.

Theda Bara, film vampire, thrills local people at the Page.

A high wind swept over the valley last night, and several Ford cars were upset.

Analysis of soils of valley now under way.

Arbitration to fix prices of land for right of ways for irrigation ditches.

industry (last year over \$10,000) try a more constructive tact, say organize a river district and purchase the fishing rights and canneries, and finance the purchase by securities to be rented from anglers' license? The district would control the stream and its fish life and enforce the laws and the stream would then practically belong to the anglers. We have tunnel districts, port districts, irrigation districts and are now to have power districts. Why not a fishing district? Probably such a feasible and practical plan would not appeal to those who make river closure a profitable racket. In this case they might try a constitutional amendment compelling the weather-man to provide ample rainfall. A lot of money could be raised for it—among Rogue river sportsmen. At any rate it would be a relief to hear eloquent denunciations of the weather man re-echoing biennially through the dome of the capitol instead of those against the humble fisherman.—(Salem Capitol Journal).

JUDGES

"Best Money Can Buy"

Rosa Helen Riechbeuno, French-Canadian sister of a nun and two Catholic priests, lived obscurely with her hard-working husband Bernard, in a cheap flat on Manhattan's dark, noisy Third avenue, near 43rd street. When Bernard would go out evenings to solicit insurance, his broad-faced Rosa would way-lay him, fare-well to him from the window. One stifling summer night last year Bernard had gone out and Rosa, after a bath, was putting about her kitchen in a loose gown. Through the open door strode a great, bullish man, says "Time" Magazine.

"What do you want?" asked Rosa, pulling her gown about her. "You know what I want . . . You want me."

"Get out. I'm not that kind of woman."

The intruder twisted Rosa Riechbeuno's arm, forced her against a wall, tried to throw her on the bed. She tried to scream. The man, a policeman from the vice squad, clapped his hand over her mouth and snarled: "Keep quiet. You're under arrest." Excited neighbors buzzed about as other police arrived, dragged Mrs. Riechbeuno to the station house on a charge of prostitution.

For two days and nights Mrs. Riechbeuno was locked up while Bernard scurried around, trying frantically but futilely to raise \$500 bail. Meanwhile a probation officer had investigated the case, found no evidence of vice. On the third day Rosa Riechbeuno, the picture of flat, Boris respectability, was arraigned before Magistrate Jesse Silbermann. Magistrate Silbermann jauntily announced that, if he had to do it over, he would deal with both cases just the same.

But after Mr. Kresel had grilled him in secret for many an hour, he emerged nervously tugging at his collar and asking: "Where can I get a drink of water?" Friends pleaded with him to resign rather than contest ouster proceedings.

The score of missing, suspended, and resigning judges mounted. Magistrate Henry M. E. Goodman, whose bank accounts were under scrutiny, resigned "for the sole reason of ill health." 24 hours before his public hearing was scheduled to begin, Magistrate Louis B. Brodsky, accused of conducting real estate and stock dealings while on the bench, was suspended. He announced he would fight for his job before the appellate division of the supreme court. Similar charges were lodged against Magistrate Jacob Zilperin in Brooklyn. Magistrate Abraham Rosenbluth, long awaiting investigation, was reported ill in Miami.

Another feature of the week in the Kresel inquiry was the revelation that since 1926, no less than 77 young girls had been illegally committed to Bedford reformatory as wayward minors by magistrates in women's court.

Mayor James John ("Jimmy") Walker's public reaction to the vice investigation was, for the most part, passive. He did summon civic leaders to City hall to warn them that the wholesale charges against his police department threatened a complete breakdown of police morale and the return of a "wide-open" town. Otherwise he did nothing in his most do-nothing manner and Tammany's joke of the week was: "Well, we gave New York the best judges money could buy."

All that goes up is bound to come down, except taxation—Dallas News.

Congressional relief appropriation: Giving it back.—Wooster Record.

Eisenstein has a plan to end war. We hope it is something that more than twelve people can understand.—Judge.

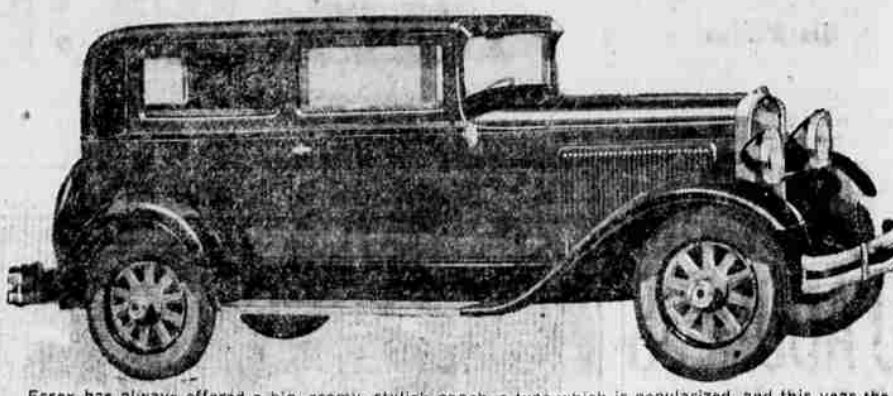
When a big-league heavyweight fights for the benefit of unemployment, and fans whose employment it is.—San Diego Union.

Japan is now engaged in a five-year campaign to make America "silk conscious," and if we know our America the ground-work is already laid.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The consensus of opinion seems to be that the coffin into which Federal Judge Clark consigned the Eighteenth Amendment is only one-half of one per cent. heavy.—Reading Times.

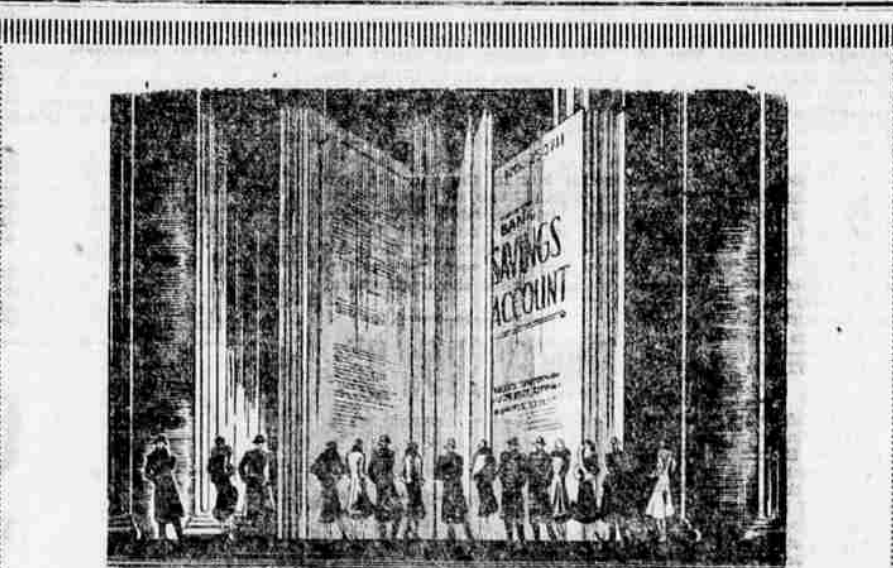
Probably the reason there are \$300,000 autos on the highways and byways which aren't worth a cent more than \$25 apiece, is the National Automobile Association solemnly assures us there are, is that the owners don't like to let go of them until the last installment is met.—Ohio State Journal.

New Essex Coach Reveals Beauty and Smartness



Essex has always offered a big, roomy, stylish coach, a type which is popularized, and this year the Essex Super Six Coach is even more roomy, more comfortable, more stylish than ever. Motor and chassis refinements provide greater riding comfort. Always a popular leader, the Essex Coach should have another big year.

STUDEBAKER - pioneer and pacemaker. IN FREE WHEELING, the greatest advancement since the electric starter, the pioneering spirit of Studebaker reaches the high point of 79 years of pacemaking tradition. Free Wheeling with positive gear control harnesses momentum—saves gasoline and oil, saves chassis strain, and makes driving a continuous, delightful thrill. The two finest cars in America—Pierce-Arrow and Lincoln—have followed Studebaker's lead and adopted Free Wheeling. All cars must eventually offer it. But Free Wheeling is only one of a long list of today's fine car essentials which Studebaker pioneered. Studebaker introduced the full-power muffler, greatly reducing engine back-pressure and thus increasing effective horsepower. Studebaker was first to provide ball-bearing spring shackles, which can never squeak nor rattle but which permit unhampered spring and shock-absorber action. Sealed in lubricant, they need no attention whatever for 20,000 miles at a time. Studebaker was first to eliminate 90 per cent of motor roar with a carburetor silencer. Formerly motor roar was thought to emanate from the exhaust. Studebaker engineers isolated it as carburetor noise—and hushed it. Studebaker brought out a Light Six when other large makers were featuring fours—a Straight Eight when other large makers were committed to Sixes. Studebaker pioneered the following advancements when 82% to 100% of other makers did not offer them—Timken bearings, the Lanchester vibration damper, steering-ignition lock, hydrostatic gas gauge, balloon tires, oil filter, engine heat indicator on dash, chromium plating, positive fuel pump, one-piece steel core steering wheel. Thus has Studebaker, pioneer and pacemaker, merited the outstanding leadership it holds today. Studebaker cars are priced f. o. b. factory from \$795 to \$2600. STUDEBAKER - BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS



Do You Spend All You Earn? A SAVINGS ACCOUNT IS MORE THAN PROTECTION FOR A "RAINY DAY." IT OPENS THE DOORS TO TRAVEL . . . TO STUDY . . . TO A HOME OF YOUR OWN . . . TO THE THINGS YOU WANT MOST IN LIFE. People who have the most fun in life are those with savings accounts. They have money to do the things they want to do . . . To buy what they want! Medford National Bank

Smudge Smoke

New autos are making black marks on the paving.

Home-made sauerkraut with curaway seeds, is being enjoyed by local people of Teutonic origin.

One of the Kappa Kappa boys of the University was down in mid-week.

A lively south wind whistled through valley whiskers Wed. and Thurs.

Donald Casebolt, 10, is still estranged from his girl. He reports he is now standing on his head, in another young lady's front yard, and has been running errands for her.

Ray Brown of E. Pt. shipped some cows the 1st of the wk. probably at the usual loss stockmen always sustain when they ship cows.

There was no school the last end of the week, the kids being at home, ostensibly.

The outdoor girls have started sking, and besides raising the very dickens with the complexion, is harder work than washing the supper dishes.

Komeo Roppas has been wrestling with a cold, and lost the first 16 falls.

Dudes, if they keep pace with fashion, will have to wear golf pants that droop at the ankles this spring. One nice thing about winter, is the lack of golf pants on dudes, that look like they were going to fall off before the wearer could get to the dark doorway.

The police hear that a lady autoist actually stopped at an intersection. There were no eye-witnesses to the phenomenon.

The Older Girls who took up jig dancing to whack off fat, are still at it and 17 of the fair sex are mad at the writer, because he flippantly and injudiciously stated, in a feeble manner, that the needle of the earthquake detector at the University of California, was jigging from some unknown cause.

The almond trees are getting ready to bloom, and be killed by the first frost.

The legislature is now in the throes of the third week, and have not adjourned as often as expected to Portland, as they fear they will not be able to find their way back to Salem.

Snow adorns von eastern hills, and the farmers wish it was on their meadow.

If Tom Johnlin is in the south, we have received a postcard from him, depicting a Mexican gin mill in operation.

Cleo Brenner has stuck up an electric sign on his place. Unlike electric signs it flashes red.

The Frisco blond, who caused such a furore among the natives, has gone home.

Your corr. found a fountain pen last Mon. which was first supposed to be lost, but later evidence proved the original owner, had lost his or her temper, and threw it away.

The HB team is going great guns, and Charlie Strang is figuring on a trip to Salem in March. They seem to be a trifle diffident about throwing baskets. They evaluate under the basket in great shape, and then miss the basket, causing all the women folks to emit dainty little "Ohs" and "Ahs!" And the vic's man to say naughty words. The writer has long subscribed to the theory that a basket from the middle of the arena counted, as much, if not more, than one heaved from scoring territory, and if the heavier missed it, the anguish was not so great among the spectators. The long ones look prettier, than the short ones, and are great forces to soften up the backbone of the foe. The general public don't care how they get the baskets, as long as they get them.

While Senator Norris doesn't altogether belt his party, he certainly, hammers it.—Weston Leader.

Courage and capital are all that's required right now to make oodles of dough, but the timid seem to have the capital.—Weston Leader.

Another gangster has been arrested in Chicago. Probably for parking his machine-gun in front of a fire-plug.—Buffalo News.

Really, there doesn't seem to be any really big and valid reason why those lame Congressional ducks should be waving their tails. It might be worse. The morning paper says they are chasing the Republicans in Spain with machine-guns.—Boston Herald.