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Ye Smudge Pot (By Arthur Perry)

A 46-year-old lady autoist, and a 13-year-old boy autoist, had a collision, and it was the consensus of opinion that the boy was to blame.

To date, 187 bills have been introduced in the legislature—not a one of the lot worth the paper they are written upon. This is a great waste of white paper.

Tommy Swen was out last night and had a fine time pronouncing words that were too much for everybody else.

The J. Emerson Meadow-Lark has started loosening up their vocal chords for the spring oratorios.

A masculine fashion note declares that the long-tailed dinner coat is coming back. This, of course, will make any peculiar bulge at the hip less noticeable.

Times sure are tough, when a lady politician can lose \$50,000 playing faro in Chicago.

There is a controversy raging between the governor, the state senate, and the commissioners of the Port of Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Powell returned home Friday and were greeted by a large charivari crowd that evening.

MEMOIR: I wonder what's become of shy Raymond.

I recollect a night, a crooked street When January rain dripped from the sky.

We didn't ever get to say good-by (For ships arrive as ships are wont to do).

A dozen years are gone, I don't know where, And times there are I plan a little jaunt.

"CALAMITY IF MOVIES LOSE CLARA BOW"—(Hidde Malheur Enterprise.)

Among the rural population trading here Saturday in their high-heeled boots, was Mr. Herin Offenbacher of the Applegate.

Sunday was a fine day for an auto accident.

MAN AND WILDCATS: As results demonstrated, it was a rather unwise course for a Georgia wildcat to leap out upon the railroad tracks.

SEVEN HOURS NOW, EH? THAT GUY AT THE WINDOW IS SLOWER THAN A GUIDE IN A MUSEUM!

SIGN HERE IF YOU WANT TO GO TO WORK!

WORK!! WE THOUGHT THEY WERE GIVING AWAY 1931 CALENDARS!

HERB MOORE, HERO OF ADAMS CAPTURE

IN PURSUING J. C. Adams, the slayer of Sam Prescott, single handed and making his arrest, Herb Moore, local traffic officer, upheld the finest traditions of the service.

Adams happened to make no resistance, but Moore couldn't have foreseen that. An armed thug, capable of such a cold-blooded crime, would have been expected to shoot it out with anyone attempting to capture him.

A less courageous officer would have played safe and waited for assistance, a posse reducing the dangers to himself materially. But under such conditions time is the vital factor, and such action involving delay, might well have resulted in the gunman's escape.

WITH no thought of himself Moore, as soon as he heard of the crime, started on the trail, determined to run down the killer of his pal, and avenge his tragic death.

We often hear of the bravery of old-time peace officers, and it is intimated that we have become a softer and more effete race. Herb Moore has given the lie to this latter intimation; his action demonstrating that the qualities of valor and fearlessness, which distinguished them, have not been lost.

PROMPT JUSTICE IS DEMANDED

SPEAKING of the murder of Sam Prescott, we are glad no fire-eater appeared to lead Ashland citizens on a lynching bee.

No doubt the citizens who two days ago, according to report, "were rarin' to go," feel as we do about it today.

Prescott was a very popular young man, and one of the most efficient and level-headed officers in the traffic service. His cold-blooded and cowardly murder naturally aroused his friends and neighbors to a white heat with immediate vengeance as a natural reaction.

HOWEVER, we still live in a civilized country. We still have law and the police. Dastardly as the crime was, conditions would have been rendered worse rather than better, by another crime, particularly when the latter crime would have meant yielding to a primitive impulse, which would have changed to regret and a feeling of fortuitous guilt after the community passions had cooled.

It is not sympathy for the guilty criminal that condemns lynching, but a realization that lawlessness of any kind breeds lawlessness, and that no civilized community can sanction it without suffering a certain moral degeneration, and inviting serious dangers in the future.

IN VIEW of such a crime, however, an unescapable responsibility, it seems to us, rests upon the courts and the officials whose duty it is to uphold and enforce the law.

But there should be no delay in securing such a trial, and the people should be spared the spectacle of a long drawn out legal battle, designed solely to defeat the forces of prompt justice.

In other words, the sooner this murder trial is held and finished—assuming a plea of guilty is not entered,—the better for all concerned. For it is the law's delay—the deep-seated feeling among the people that legal justice in this country is neither swift nor certain—that prevents the idea of lynching, in such law-abiding community as Ashland,—from being immediately conceded as absurd and unthinkable.

NO SOUND SAVE OUR OWN GNASHING

THE MEDFORD MAIL-TRIBUNE, zealous guardian of the fruit interests of Oregon, rises in wrath at a page ad published in a leading magazine with the following in its text:

"Today we accept as commonplace the miracle of fresh fruit in the dead of winter. Yet not so many years ago who could have dared to say it was possible? Who could have foreseen Oregon enjoying the fruits of Louisiana and Maine, the bounty of California?"

"Who, indeed?" inquires the Mail-Trib. "Who, indeed?" we echo, whether winter or summer so far as Louisiana and Maine go.

The painful truth is that about all the easterners know about Oregon is what they read in Thanatopsis or remember from the battleship racing around Cape Horn in Spanish-American war days.

Probably though this was merely an example of advertising license which is far more liberal even than the freedom poets assign to themselves.—Salem Statesman.

The public is not yet buying stocks. A burnt child still continues to dread the fire even after it is put out.

Correct this sentence: "And I never let one of my stars sing," said the talkie director, "unless she has a voice worth hearing."

Publishers say the average book sells only 3200 copies, but of course this doesn't include the number the flattered author gives free to the hick-town libraries.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

CROSSWORD PUZZLE grid with clues: 1. Wooden shoe, 2. Sound as of a bullet in the air, 18. Acetate, 19. Animate, 20. Silkworm, 21. Grafted berries, 22. Dynamite, 23. English college, 24. Prophet, 25. Japanese measure of length, 26. Small candies, 27. Old Dutch coin, 28. Air, common form, 29. Female ruff, 30. Wreath vegetable, 31. Sugar solution, 32. Soap room, 33. Mimes trial of, 34. Comes together, 35. Hairs, 36. Rubbed, 37. 100 square rods, 38. Liter words, 39. Important one, 40. Light reject, 41. Herald, 42. Hanging ornament, 43. Nip, 44. Nip, 45. Nip, 46. Nip, 47. Nip, 48. Nip, 49. Nip, 50. Nip, 51. Nip, 52. Nip, 53. Nip, 54. Nip, 55. Nip, 56. Nip, 57. Nip, 58. Nip, 59. Nip, 60. Nip, 61. Nip, 62. Nip, 63. Nip, 64. Nip, 65. Nip, 66. Nip, 67. Nip, 68. Nip, 69. Nip, 70. Nip, 71. Nip, 72. Nip, 73. Nip.

Personal Health Service By William Brady, M. D. Signal letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, set to disease, diagnosis or treatment will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

A NEW DEAL FOR HERNIA SUFFERERS A physician in just as good standing professionally as any doctor who reads this writes: "There are more than a million people in the United States suffering from hernia (that is, rupture, or as some people call it, breach) to whom the doctors have nothing to offer except a truss or a cutting operation."

When he won't take "no" By Alice Johnson Peake: Everybody knows the child who refuses to take "no" for an answer, who teases and teases for a privilege or a toy after it has been definitely refused.

Talks To Parents WHEN HE WON'T TAKE "NO" By Alice Johnson Peake: Everybody knows the child who refuses to take "no" for an answer, who teases and teases for a privilege or a toy after it has been definitely refused.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Soothing and Calming I have been doing your belly breathing exercise every night for several months. I find it quite all you suggested, for I have been a poor sleeper for years and especially about composing myself to get to sleep when I go to bed.

MUTT AND JEFF—They Just Missed a Narrow Escape Sunday was a fine day for an auto accident. MAN AND WILDCATS: As results demonstrated, it was a rather unwise course for a Georgia wildcat to leap out upon the railroad tracks.

Quill Points

"People are deserting the old-time religion." So is religion. This whole darned era is Daughster's Day. It works both ways. Building enough prisons will give men employment; giving men employment will lessen the number of prisoners.

Some people are born suckers, some try to get something for nothing, and some go gaga when told the first payment is only \$2.

The most nourishing vegetable diet consists of potatoes, tomatoes, cabbage, carrots, milk and steak.

Few doughboys remember their French, but they know now that "hors doeuvres" doesn't mean some portion of horse.

If the people you know seem dumb, perhaps you are smart. Or perhaps you aren't privileged to associate with others because they think you dumb.

AMERICANISM: Providing cheap wards so the poor can afford many babies; making other maternity arrangements so expensive that white-collar people can't afford any.

You can't blame everything on the law. In Russia, where a divorce costs only 30 cents, a husband used 50 cents' worth of arsenic instead.

And furthermore, very few of the big jobs are held by men who know many were wounded at the battle of Bunker Hill.

So Mr. Ford would teach youngsters how to succeed. Why, you just borrow a little money to make something the world will soon demand.

A high-brow is a man who can use a whole book full of words to say something you squeeze into one sentence.

So far the archaeologists haven't unearthed a city that became great by gagging those who pointed out its faults.

It's easy to be a champion if you will be careful to enter a field that doesn't interest better men.

Correct this sentence: "No, I wouldn't head a third party," said the statesman, "even if I knew I could be elected."

have said "no" and you have set a precedent for the pleading habit, which may take months to cure.

The moral is that we should never deny a child any reasonable satisfaction; but, having once definitely decided that a certain pleasure is out of the question, no amount of inconsistency to ourselves should make us change our stand.

Occasionally, of course, circumstances arise which quite properly change "no" to "yes." The youngest child will recognize the change of mind that comes because mother has followed the line of least resistance and that caused by reasonable consideration of a new factor.

The first step in curing a child of shouting is to say "no" only when you mean it and then stick to it. A mother must be able to discipline herself before she can successfully discipline her child.

Test Artificial Hay Drier GAINESVILLE, Fla.—(AP)—An artificial hay drier has been installed here and will be used in a cooperative experiment by the Florida experiment station and the United States forage crops bureau.

Prairie City—Combination dairy and dairy crops meeting held in Grange hall here.

By BUD FISHER

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) January 26, 1921. Hard rain descends upon the valley causing farmers to rejoice, after four days of windy weather.

Medford library shows wonderful growth in 1920, report of librarian shows.

"Lend A Hand," Salem prison paper is revived.

Fifty Medford people offer to give home to a homeless collier dog.

Knights of Pythias hold a monster banquet.

Chamber of Commerce works for services of a frost expert.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) January 26, 1901. Southern Oregon changes for experiment station at Talent bright.

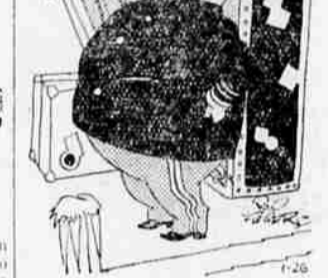
Legislature asked to repeal bill closing focus to commercial fishing. Local fishers fairly raved to Salton in defense of the birth-right of the masses?

The condition of the road to Butte Falls is "deplorable," making it impossible to travel by team, and the Mail Tribune editorially calls upon the county court, "to show belated signs of intelligence."

Eastern capitalist declares "Valley is a paradise, akin to Heaven."

Mayor Canon forbids the holding of prizefights within the city limits.

"Save your Sun-kist orange wrappers, and get a Rogers Bros. orange spoon."—Adv.



The Herons take our hero in their yacht to far Cathay (That's a nickname for the country known as China, by the way). They set him down at Shanghai with his valise at his side. "I never thought," laughs Puffy, "that I'd really be shanghaied."

SUNDOWN STORIES

By Mary Graham Bonner. The Little Black Clock had promised that their trip this evening would be one of interest to Peggy, but he told John to come along, too, to amuse himself.

The children were waiting for him at the end of the magic path as he came rushing along.

"I'm not using much magic this evening," he began. "I've only turned the time back a few years, but Peggy is to meet Alba."

"Alba a piece?" asked John. "Alba's a person," suggested Peggy.

"Peggy is not far from right," the Clock smiled. "In fact, I think you'd call Alba a person. She is almost a person."

"What is a person like who is almost a person?" John asked. "Just walk along with me, and you'll see," the Clock answered.

As usual, in spite of his short little legs, he had trouble keeping up with him. How quickly he could walk and how he could run, too!

They walked along until they came to a very pretty little white house with its front door and shutters painted blue. Peggy wondered if the person named Alba lived here.

The Little Black Clock knocked on the door and it was opened very quickly by a funny little man. Following right after him was a funny little woman.

They both looked as though they were quite old and quite young at the same time. The children were puzzled, and wondered why they were puzzled. Usually there was no mistaking an old person from a very young person.

"Hello," said the little man. "Alba will be simply delighted," said the funny little woman. "She has been looking forward to this ever since I told her that you were going to bring visitors." And then she told Peggy that Alba was a dear, dear, dear doll.

"I know you'll love her," the funny little woman said, and she took Peggy by the arm and led her up the stairs.

Tomorrow—"Alba's Looks."