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Editorial Correspondence

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 20.—A large Coca Cola convention has just closed here with our hotel as main headquarters. The papers say it was a great success, and we can second the notion that is,—there is no doubt the delegates had a fine time, day and night. As to their testimonial to Coca Cola, that is a matter of opinion.

And our opinion isn't worth much, for your correspondent has this distinction, he hasn't had a drink of Coca Cola in 20 years, and then only took one. We liked it well enough but for some reason never tried it again—consequently never acquired the habit.

But after this convention we are determined to try it again. For these delegates have, we repeat, had a fine time. Such good feeling and exuberance and youthful hilarity, particularly after their banquet at night,—and how melodiously they sing in the early morning.

Night before last after the theatre, there were three delegates in the elevator, singing as we ascended, that famous ditty, "Sweet Adeline." They were well plastered on the outside with large Coca Cola badges, and we assume were plastered inside with the popular beverage, the virtues and profits of which they have gathered to commemorate.

How happy they were, and how we envied them! One room in near the elevator shaft and we went to sleep with that soothing melody still in our ears.

One of the delegates was a large man with red cheeks and a Charley Chaplin mustache,—he took the swivelator chair and took it too. In fact, this morning the elevator boy, looking somewhat the worse for wear, could be heard riding up and down in the elevator until 3 a. m. singing that same tenor part and insisting upon the elevator boy taking the air, as well as the bass,—the other members of the trio having called it a day—rather a night.

The elevator boy was rather groggy, but said his shift didn't end until 8 a. m. "When you get through," he suggested, "you better take a drink of Coca Cola."

"Yeah," said the boy, "there ain't a drop left in the hotel." Such a popular drink, that induces such light heartedness and endurance, must be worth trying!

However, the soda jerked downstairs, who serves us Old Ovaltine while he admits "Koko" is his best seller, claims the stand makes more money out of bromo seltzer.

"There is one man in this hotel," said he, "who gets a bromo seltzer every day or fifteen minutes, all day and part of the night. He is the best customer I got, but there are others almost as good. Did you ever notice him?—never wears a coat, lips are sort of blue, and his hand shakes pretty bad. Oh, sure, he's a bromo fiend, and there are lots of 'em, you know. It's a quick drink, takes no time, and the customer likes it, and swallows it in the jerk of a lamb's tail. I bet a bromo stand on the corner of Broadway and Fifth would make a barrel of money,—just sell that and nothing else."

Arthur Brisbane has gone down into Old Mexico, but our old friend Governor Rolph is still with us again,—flew down day before yesterday to call on the eminent Herr Professor Einstein. Dear old "Jimmy" was wacker, is going to be the most popular governor California ever had.

We happened to be in Pasadena and being lucky enough to run into one of Colorado street's TWO TAXICABS, saw the exuberant chief executive, go speeding up the avenue with a motorcycle calival case, before and aft. Jimmy was talking his shiny black hat, his rosy cherubic face wreathed in smiles, like a conquering hero home from the front.

The Einsteins live in a modest little bungalow and as everyone knows are as modest and unassuming as a couple, as one would ever hope to see. Smiling and chatting to each other, they walked to the front gate to greet his Excellency, now Governor Rolph is neither modest nor unassuming,—but on the other hand he is no bouncer. The tableaux presented were superficially somewhat ironic,—the South of Market street San Francisco, all dolled up like a circus horse, shiny collar, buttoned morning coat, top hat, gloves,—the armed and charging escort literally dazzling, and embarrassing this timid and retiring Gorman Jew and his house-friend helpmate. One not aware of the circumstances would have concluded that the great man was the gentleman in the pig-bait, but his fathered and humble subject was the little man, whose name will be remembered where the name of nearly everyone now alive will be forgotten.

However that was only a superficial impression, confined in appearance. We repeat, Jimmy is bombastic enough but he is no bouncer. He did the honors with genuine dignity and good taste, but—when he was meeting real greatness, that while he had crammed up a bit on the Einstein theory he couldn't make head nor tail of it that he, he, says mere— as official representative of the state to greet a most distinguished visitor, trusted that he would enjoy his stay, and hoped that he would take particular care of his health, to enjoy a long life so he may open other men's eyes still wider to the

truth meaning of life and the inner nature of the universe.

Pipe in hand, Dr. Einstein smiled and nodded, while his wife tried her hand at translating his reply. It was really a most extraordinary tableau and we wish Gilbert Chesterton had been there to write it up, for while we dimly sense the possibilities we can't express them.

We doubt however, if one could search the world and find two contemporary types, so unlike in every essential way as Dr. Einstein and Jimmy Rolph—and yet while one is essentially a great man and the other isn't—there was very apparently a genuine bond between them—Jimmy really liked the doctor and the doctor really liked Jimmy—the idea might be approximated by saying that one touched the perfectly natural and honest respect makes the whole world kin. And that kinship came from the fact that there is,—or was at that time—nothing false about either man—no faking, no playing down to the go-getter American, the go-getter American was not trying to play up to the professor, they were just two HONEST MEN.

Fifteen Years Ago This Week

(From the files of The Mail Tribune)

Monday Mild winter on Russian front keeps war on regaining lost ground.

City and nation pay homage to the memory of George Washington.

Central Point man charged with driving more than 25 miles per hour in his auto told judge he knew him when he walked home from Sunday school with his mother, for chicken dinner. No leniency extended.

Chief of Police Hittson files for democratic nomination for sheriff.

Jay Gore and George Gates join University of Oregon fraternities.

O. C. Rogus of this city named on the state land board.

Tuesday Portland organizations united to resist the predatory grasp of the power trust.

Medford high school basketball team battles O. A. C. to a 26 to 22 loss.

Baby show at city park in March.

Much spring gardening underway hereabouts.

Musicians of city to form choral society.

Children of city parade streets in auto and then attend revival meeting.

Wednesday United States faces gravest crisis of history in submarine dispute with Germany.

Owners of property at West Main and Fir streets to erect block of neat, porcelain front buildings.

Howard A. Hill hurts his knee severely by a fall off a bicycle.

Eastern capitalists visit the Blue Lodge.

Misses Bryan and Thorn of the high school student body take a Ford for a joy ride during the noon recess. Got hung up autos in front of the Elks Temple belonging to Judge Kelly and Frank C. Clark, also the stolen car.

War started on speeders racing on Pacific Highway.

First arrest for drunkenness in seven weeks.

Runaway boys caught in Ashland.

Associated Press telegrapher for the Mail Tribune claims he copied 2,500,000 words, on a typewriter ribbon without changing it, or cleaning the type. The editor at the Ashland, remarked but not for publication, that there was no doubt of it.

High school students cheer revival at meeting.

Discernment enthusiasts condemn "unimportant and aniling in the Rogus." Several have been using fish worms.

Friday Only 125 shipments of liquor so far this month to Medford from California. The authorities believe considerable fire water is being brought over in autos, and will keep an eye out for the bootleggers.

Mail Tribune nearly runs out of paper, and has to print an abbreviated edition.

Miss Williamson gives an imitation of Charlie Chaplin in high school play.

French lines at Verdun hold firm against Crown Prince.

Grizzly club to hold first walk of the season.

Time to apply dormant spray. We advise, killed by fall of "blind baggage" of Shasta Limited near city limits.

Hogs are the highest in 16 months, and still going up in Portland markets.

Ashland defeats Medford 7 to 6, in first game of four games series for championship of southern Oregon.

Shades of Baron Munchausen and "Fritz" Newhall? We spent two months in Old Mexico a year ago and Arthur has been there to date just 21 hours. If he can show us one Mexican or Indian senorita in Hermosillo, or anywhere else, with hair falling naturally or curls on their beautiful necks. There is not a bobbed head or a shaved neck among them, their eyelids are lowered demurely but when a young rancher from California asks them a question and "he" raises her eyes, his carefully prepared Spanish words are driven from his mind.

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And for every such senorita the present writer will agree to show Arthur at least five hundred, that would impel any normal California (or Oregon) rancher to beat it, at her first advance, for the tallest timber, mean while calling in perfect guide book idiomatic Spanish "for police reinforcements."

Beautiful Mexican senoritas? There are none in all Mexico except in the city of Mexico, and they never show themselves in public except one day a week (properly chaperoned) in the park.

The groundhog created strikingly little interest this year. Too many others are wondering how they are going to get out of the hole to bother much about him.—Nashville Banner.

Press Comment

END THE AGONY

The legal limit of the legislative session ends today, with the principal work of the session scarcely touched. The main business of the legislature is to provide a taxation program and effect economies to meet a \$2,000,000 deficit. Nothing has been done as yet except to increase taxation. The so-called "people's mandate" legislation to revise utility regulation and power development is only partially enacted, and it neither carries out the "mandate" nor does it make for "Oregon's progress." It is time to end the agony by adjournment.

This session ranks as the most incompetent and inefficient in history. There is no organization worthy of the name and no leadership. The legislature has drifted from essentials to fitter away its time on trivial measures originated by selfish interests to cripple the other fellow's business to create prosperity for themselves through legislative fiat. Nor has the governor developed as a Moses to lead them out of the wilderness, though many of the legislators have prostituted themselves and voted against their convictions to become rubber stamps of hysteria.

We shall probably witness a feverish last-minute rush to push through half-baked legislation which will take the courts many years to unravel and keep petition peddlers busy with referendums to save imperiled industries.

It is one of the privileges of democracy that the people have divine right to make fools of themselves, which they exercised in the last election, so perhaps the legislature is not to be blamed for following to the limit the example set.—Salem Capital-Journal.

A BULL TO KILL Showing in at the last of the session is a bill which is a threat to Salem. It would give the state board of control power to lease or purchase, or lease with option to purchase, one or more office buildings in the city of Portland.

Justice can proceed with dispatch. This was demonstrated in the rapid manner in which the case of James E. Kingsley was disposed of in Jackson county. Within less than 30 days from the date Kingsley shot and killed Sam Prescott, Ashland traffic officer, he had been tried and convicted on a first degree murder charge, sentenced to be hanged April 3, and is now in the state penitentiary awaiting the date of execution.

Promptness in dealing with murder cases and others involving serious crimes would go a long way in solving the crime problem of this country.—Klamath Falls Herald.

By Richard Massock NEW YORK—Books about this time of year have reviewers backed against the wall, trying to slash their way through.

Dozens of volumes are released weekly and by a neat change of metaphor this involves shuffling to separate the good and discard the bad.

This column therefore will be a brief check list of some of the kings, queens, jacks and tens of the publishers' decks. As follows:

Fiction "Wide Open Town"—Myron Briney writes an excellent novel about the jealous passion of a young Irish man for a daughter of joy in the sulphurous air of Butte, Montana.

"This Our Estie"—A family of trifling young people see life through a fog of gin and epigrams in a first novel of youth by David Dunham.

"Grand Hotel"—The melodramatic novel of 36 hours in a Berlin luxury hotel which the author, Vicki Baum, adapted for her stage hit.

"A Night in Kurdistan"—Jean Richard Bloch, who wrote "The Cuckoo" does a terrific phantasy of Arabian Nights adventure, cruelty and love.

"Best Short Stories of the War"—Sixty-six tales of all sorts out of the war, brought together in an anthology of 826 pages by editors who should know what's the best.

"Big Money"—Lord Bickerton, "The Biscuit" is as funny as any other P. O. Wodehouse character, which is saying the most.

Non-Fiction "The Passionate Pilgrim"—Many will think this life of Mrs. Anne Besant, theologian, by Gertrude Marvin Williams, the best of recent biographies.

"Lincoln, the Politician"—What his life says, by John C. Selby, who believes in politicians. Without the aspersions of Edgar Lee Masters.

"Coronado's Children"—Lose of lost mines and buried treasure in the southwest, by A. Frank Dotie, University of Texas professor and authority on the subject.

"Four Cents an Acre"—The history of a Yankee bargain by which we bought Louisiana from Napoleon, well done from the archives by a Frenchman, Georges Archibald.

"Behind the Green Lights"—Memoirs of Capt. Cornelius W. Willemse, a Dutch runaway boy, from Bowery bouncer to a New York cop, with the appellation of "King Buster," by George J. Lonnay, and Jack Koford helped in the writing.

"The Underworld of Paris"—Real horrors, as seen by Alfred Morain, chief of the Paris police.

"Dumas, Father and Son"—Another account, and a lively one, of the Chip and the Old Block.

OREGON LISTED AS "PINK" BY LAST ELECTION (Continued From Page One)

Every compromise he can make will be aimed to avoid a special session. As one of the conferees between the senate and the house on Muscle Shoals, he used all his art, and that is considerable, to induce the house to yield to the Norris plan for government operation of this power plant. And he succeeded in passing from congress to President Hoover responsibility for deciding whether the power issue should split the Republican party.

RACE FOR MAYORSHIP OF CHICAGO GROWING WARM (Continued From Page One)

side-man of the second ward—and won.

James A. Hugh and Fred Lundin, political chiefs of the rosy decade that ushered in the centennial of President "Big Bill" Taft.

They advanced Thompson's interests among existing companions of the young man, enlisted young business men, and in 1913

sent him into the republican mayoral primary. A bitter but victorious campaign followed against Robert M. Sweitzer, democrat.

Seated by almost 150,000 majority, young Thompson quickly settled a street car strike by dominating a conference between the factions. When the "Eastland" rolled over in the Chicago river, drowning 312, Thompson sped to the city from a speaking tour and organized relief.

"Big Bill" opposed the draft when war came, and withheld an invitation to Marshal Joffre when he brought a French mission to the United States. Thompson claimed that was the council's prerogative.

He clashed with Gov. Frank O. Lowden over a pacifist meeting in Chicago, refusing to halt it. Lowden set troops.

Opposition piled up against him for the 1918 election but he won. Heavy pluralities in the negro and west side wards yielded the margin.

"Bread for Ireland" was his battle cry. Then Thompson retired in 1923, castigating his "enemies the trust press."

Two "rats in a trap," designed as Fred Lundin and Dr. John Hill Robertson, former allies, were Thompson's stage property for the 1927 primary.

And in the election he shouted for "America first" and declared he wanted to "keep the King of England's snoot out of Chicago schools."

Backed Senator Lewis In 1920 he forsook Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, republican senatorial candidate, and aided James Hamilton Lewis, successful democratic anti-prohibitionist candidate.

In this winter's campaign for the mayoral primary he has displayed a halter to create audience interest—and a donkey as a "campaign zoo." The halter, he said, was what his opponents, Lyle and Albert, wore, Lyle's reins running to one newspaper and Albert's to another.

Before Long, we suppose, some one will be saying that Niagara Falls isn't what it's cracked up to be.—Miami News.

"It is only too true that a girl's ideal is often shattered," says a writer. More often he's just broke.—The Humorist (London).

Cuban voters says a news item, are setting fire to sugar plantations. Basking exam, as it were.—Caden Standard-Examiner.

Friend says that Europe must unite or die, after which we will continue to watch her antics while she's doing neither.—Western Leader.

Apparently nothing makes the Senate madder than some one trying to keep it from spending a few million dollars.—Ohio State Journal.

Some one should arrange a joint debate between the Wickersham Commission individually and the Wickersham Committee collectively.—Wichita Eagle.

Husbands should share the household with their wives," says a woman's paper. We despise those selfish husbands who want to do it all themselves.—Punch.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Think of all the money that must have been made by the manufacturers of red ink.—San Diego Union.

It is reported that complaints are being heard in some cities because the soup kitchens are not giving curb service to automobiles.—Nashville Southern Lumbarian.

Congress is always going off half-cocked and doing something without mature deliberation. Just look at the way they are rushing into action on the Muscle Shoals matter after only twelve months.

Long live the groundhog! His extra season is under ground.—Boston Transcript.

The Wickersham report seems to be about as full of opinions as The Literary Digest.—Macon News.

Newspaper circulations have jumped in Illinois, but, of course, that's where newspapers really are Red.—Wichita Beacon.

Now that the Red Cross has refused to accept the Senate's \$25,000,000 relief fund, we are eager to swallow the Senate's call for volunteers.—San Diego Union.

"A Harvard professor intends to create a miniature earthquake" if he ever tries anything like that in San Francisco, he will be arrested for arson.—Toledo Blade.

There seems to be some doubt among dry naturalists as to whether

or the Wickersham prodigy is a canner or chameleon.—Virginia Pilot.

"Fall in Cost of Living" read a news item. I hope it breaks it neck.—Passing Show (London).

Giulini finally won. There isn't any way to bribe a man who feel drest up in a nightshirt.—Eon du Lac Commonwealth-Reporter.

This custom of police combing the country unavailingly for criminals suggests that there must be something the matter with the comb.—Wichita Eagle.

"I never have heard of a perfect man," says a prominent big game hunter. Brother, you should have a widow.—Denton (Tex.) Record-Chronicle.

A lot of people make no mistake in thinking that the Democratic party, but not many of them have come forward with offers to relieve him of the job.—Lynchburg News.

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