

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Life Imprisonment and Justice

THREE young men, a negro and two white companions, who yesterday confessed to the wanton murder of two boys and two girls of high school age, are today, twenty-four hours later, in state prison for life.

The incident is closed, as far as the state of Michigan is concerned. The maximum penalty that the law of that state provides, has been imposed. At the minimum of time and expense, justice has been done.

Would justice have been better served had the mob succeeded in overruling the officers of the law, and had lynched these three "fiends in human form"?

WE ADMIT they would have gotten no more than they deserved. But if mob rule and lawlessness are justified in one case, then our entire system of government of law and order falls down, and by the nature of things, the rule of the jungle ultimately prevails.

Moreover in this particular case the lynching attempt failed, and had there been a death penalty in Michigan, with the provocation of violence less acute, failure would have been even more certain.

Then what would have been the result?

AS THE Wickersham report maintains, organized crime has a defense fund for those who have any recognized standing in the underworld. These three young men would be as safe from harm as they are today, but instead of doomed to prison for life, they would have clever lawyers, carefully preparing for their trial at some DISTANT date, with at least an even chance that through some technicality, or weak spot in the evidence (with the death penalty they probably never would have confessed) they would get off with a lighter sentence than has been imposed.

FROM the standpoint of those who oppose capital punishment, this is probably the weakest case that could be advanced to support their argument. A more fiendish, diabolical, and absolutely wanton crime, could scarcely be conceived. No normal, red-blooded person, would waste any sympathy or tears over this trio meeting the same fate they meted out to those defenseless young people.

But in view of the facts above cited, and in view of the conditions AS THEY ARE, we still maintain that the prompt and expeditious settlement of this crime, is a stronger argument for life imprisonment, than against it.

We maintain, that in the direction of deterring crime, THE PROMPTNESS AND CERTAINTY OF PUNISHMENT, ARE FAR MORE IMPORTANT, THAN ITS PRECISE NATURE. We may talk all we wish about "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," but the fact remains that the more extreme the punishment, the more difficult it is to convict.

WE ADMIT there are two sides to this question, as there are to most others. But it is our firm conviction, that were life imprisonment the maximum penalty throughout this country, as it is in Michigan, there would be fewer crimes of violence, instead of more, and the delays of justice, and the expense of criminal prosecution to the taxpayers, would be reduced at least 90 per cent.

Back to the Land

FARM land values are lower today than they have been in a generation. This is a calamity for those who own farm land, particularly for those who purchased land at war-boom prices.

But there is another side to the picture. The present depression which has shaken the economic structure of this country to its foundations, has made a plot of ground, where the necessities of life may be raised, more alluring than has been the case in at least fifty years.

One may not be able to live well, but at least one can LIVE, with a vegetable garden, a cow and perhaps a few chickens. And to be able to LIVE, in the midst of the present storm, without outside aid, is something.

These two factors, exceptionally cheap land, and the desire for land as a "life preserver," have already resulted in a complete transformation, in the relation between big city and rural life, in this country.

WE NOTICE in the St. Cloud (Minnesota) Daily Times, for example, that the Federal Land Bank at St. Paul, reports that farm sales this May were double those of a year ago. It is also true that while in 1929, nearly two million persons left the farms to find work in the large cities, this year, to date, it is estimated the migration has actually been the OTHER WAY.

IT'S AN ill wind that blows no one good. The results of this depression have been calamitous to thousands, but it is highly probable that one of its great benefits will be a real back-to-the-land movement.

This will mean the stabilization of land values at higher figures, it will mean a more wholesome and more healthful relationship between city and rural life, and MORE IMPORTANT THAN ALL, it will mean returning agriculture where it belongs, as one of the country's basic and profitable industries.

SUNDOWN STORIES



EARLY SEAMEN

By Mary Graham Brouner. They kept very quiet for the Little Black Clock said that he thought it would be more interesting to hear what was being said than anything else.

John and Peggy knew were called the Trade Winds. But the seamen did not call them trade winds. Instead they thought they were evil spirits and were afraid that harm would come to them because of these winds.

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 in care of the Mail Tribune.

A WORD WITH THE NEIGHBORS OF A CHILD WITH THE CROUP

Two teaspoonfuls of syrup of ipecac for the child with an attack of croup is an old reliable emergency remedy. This is an emetic, which acts in perhaps 10 minutes.



But the management of the bystander is not so easy, and on that account I think it would be well to summon the police patrol along with the doctor, or call the cops and let them fight off the uncles, aunts, parents and neighbors, and perhaps it won't be necessary to disturb the family doctor's rest at all.

In the halcyon days when I was far poorer than most of the riffraff who seek what they call "birth control" information on the ground of poverty, the baby staged an attack of croup one cold night when I was away giving my blood to a deadbeat. She was pretty sick when I arrived home. I asked mother to wrap her in a blanket, and then I sat with the baby in my arms, in the open window. It was only a few minutes before the best of all sedatives for irritation in the larynx, clear cold moist night air, had brought complete relief, and the baby fell off to sleep the rest of the night.

What is a poor parent going to do when a child throws a spell of croup and there is no nice cold night air available? The second best emergency measure, in my judgment, and in this I give you only my own experience, is a cold moist compress upon the whole front surface of the neck.

Wring out a few yards of gauze (cheesecloth), in ice water or the coldest water you can get, and apply it in many folds to the neck, and cover with any dry cloth, oiled silk, rubber dam. Change the compress, putting on a fresh cold one, every five or ten minutes.

I'll gladly mail any reader who asks for it and incloses stamped envelope bearing his address, a special monograph on the home management of croup.

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 August 14, 1921. (It was Sunday)

Dr. R. M. Brumfield, Roseburg dentist, claims he is man he murdered, and will enter insanity plea.

Mrs. Madalynne Obenchain and admiral, Arthur Burch, formally arraigned for the murder of J. Bolton Kennedy at Los Angeles, one of the sensational murder cases of the day.

Miss Bertha Porter, age 11, of this city, sustains a badly lacerated foot, when it is caught in the brake band of an auto, while getting out of the car.

The National Manganese company looks over prospects on Kane's creek.

Denver, Colo., teller skips with pretty stenographer and \$75,000.

Harding administration to cut tax bill of nation a billion dollars.

Twenty Years Ago Today August 14, 1911. (It was Monday)

Crime wave hits city and jewelry, watermelons, clothes and cookbook stolen.

John J. Astor, multi-millionaire American is denied an earldom. Foundation of great fortune laid by father skinning skunks.

Following his feat Monday evening of smoking a pipe one hour 40 minutes and a half in a pipe smoking contest, his nearest competitor dropping out at the one hour mark, the friends of Alfred Carpenter of the Veritas orchards are booming him as the human smudge pot and are urging that he be given a contract next spring to keep Jack Frost at bay.

Lincoln McCormick and Reginald Parsons were close on the heels of Alfred and puffed their pipes one hour. Gerald Scoy-Smith succumbed in six minutes, and was the first to retire.

Permanent waves, \$7.50. The new Nestle Croquignole oil wave; also Durr and Tulip oil Croquignole. Other permanents \$5.00. Call 362 for appointment. Roseborough Beauty Shop, Our new location 36 So. Central.

Talks To Parents

WORTH WHILE SUMMERS. By Alice Judson Peat.

At about this time a good many mothers are asking themselves whether the summer now half gone is bringing as much to their children as they had hoped for in terms of health, mental and social growth, and joy of living.

Without doubt the children fortunate enough to be spending the summer at a good camp are among the lucky ones to whom these months are bringing the rich vital kind of experience that is the birthright of every child.

But not more than one child in 50 is in camp. Camps are for the most part extremely expensive, and those which are not have long lists of applicants that cannot possibly be enrolled.

American children are poorly provided for during the summer months. The time of year when experiences is allowed to pass unexplored and unshared.

Thousands of children now in large cities where the street is only playground, or in isolated country districts, where, through lack of stimulation, life is lonely and barren.

Dr. Kilpatrick, speaking before the White House commission on child health and protection, discussed this situation fully.

Our children, he says, need well equipped, intelligently supervised playgrounds, summer camps with all day programs which with the most of opportunities for door living.

You can do your share in hastening the day when your children, when all children, are wholesome, worthwhile summer giving your support to plans in this direction may be in your community.

MacMarr Stores Open House Week advertisement. Includes text: 'This is OPEN HOUSE WEEK at all of our stores. A big week brimful of HOSPITALITY, friendly service and EXTRA VALUES. The latch string is out to you during this great event. We invite you to be our guest, share in these greater values, inspect our stores, see how clean, spotless and sanitary they are kept. Come in now—today! Bring your friends, too. Let them share with you THESE GREATER VALUES.'

MacMarr Stores product price list. Includes items like Pearls of Wheat (15c), Honey (49c), Corn Flakes (5c), Par (43c), Jam (59c), Raviolas (10c), Milk (6 1/2c), Pineapple (35c), SUGAR SPECIALS (4.95 to 1.29), Salted Peanuts (29c), COFFEE (3 lbs. \$1), Pancake Flour (15c), Beans (5 lbs. 39c), Bananas (6c), Carrots (3c), Green Peppers (25c), Onions (25c), Tomatoes (4c), Butter (30c), Hamburger (15c), Weiners (15c), Sausage (15c), Hams (23c), Shortening (99c), Steaks (39c), Pot Roasts (12c), Rib Boil (9c).

Ye Smudge Pot

(By Arthur Perry) Mt. Lassen, Calif., has started to emit mud, and has lots of competition.

An Oregon City judge has ruled that Mrs. Ben Caldwell, a blushing bride, shot Mr. Ed Redstock, a member of a shivaree party, by accident. Cum grano salinis, as the lawyers say.

LOST—10-gallon milk can coming from Knights Columbus picnic at Lakeview. Finder please return to Schwarz's market. — (Coos Bay Times.) Unusual conduct for a milk can, but if you won't lead them to the water faucet, they will go themselves.

"MRS. BRYAN IS NO HOSTESS"—(Hidline Del Norte Triplet.) Fearless journalism and the editor still lives.

The fruit canning season is now at its height, and it's about time the grape jelly started exploding, to cut the canners in the pantry.

The democratic party in Oregon, is going after the church vote and the farm vote. It is hoped the republican has enough sense to go after the sinner and the hungry vote.

FLICKS A MEAN MALLET (Heppner News) Dix and Humphreys staged another grim battle in croquet this week on the Minor court on Court street. Humphreys admitted giving Dix, erstwhile champion of Morrow county, a good but genteel licking.

Canada liquor, bottled-in-barn, has started to seep southward.

Miss Whyte leaves next week to enter the University of California at Berkeley.—(Del Norte Triplet.) Hello, Dottie!

H. Corlies of Phoenix townied yesterday. He reported that world conditions were swinging around to where it would be safe for bass solos by Christmas.

Intelligence seems to be putting up a good fight against Sensation, though the latter is a loud-mouthed braggart, claiming everything and admitting nothing.

MODEST WANTS I want no riches of the kind That avarice demands, My ease to spoil, my soul to bind To houses and to lands; For diamonds I never cared, Nor garments rich and gay, Nor dinners lavishly prepared, Nor gardens for display. No retinue of serving men, And menials shall be mine, Nor golden cups to drink from, when They bring me rare old wine. I ask no fleet of motor cars, Nor racing planes nor yachts, No private stage and movie stars, No Broadway corner lots. Go use such bait to trap poor flies That drown themselves in honey. These minor matters I despise— The thing I want is Money! (Cleveland Plaindealer)

Inasmuch as it looks like a hard winter—they're never foggy as they're talked—it is proposed by a number of well-dressed anarchists upstate, that the state government cease its howling about the taxes, long enough to spend some money for road work, thus providing work and, incidentally, funds so the taxpayer can pay some taxes. The resultant barbershop wall is: "Lord! they're bound to bankrupt us! It seems there are now two main roads into Portland, and a drive is launched for a third. Many contend this is sufficient for getting into the metropolis, but not enough for getting out. The point is well taken, but is no excuse for state-wide tightwadness, and epidemic of petty economy. One Willamette valley thinker has come to the diabolical conclusion, "that the way to make money is to spend money." He also makes the logical argument, "that people without money are unable to spend money." There is not liable to be any dispute with him on this point. The gent is trying to say that the time has come to dig up cash buried in a baking powder can under the henhouse. The next time a gang of low-lived millionaires come to Oregon, they will not be chased into California, as it has been definitely established, that it is impossible to get any nourishment out of a political speech.