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A Paradise for Murderers

SEVERAL months ago two men were found shot to death in an office building in Los Angeles. Shots had been heard, witnesses saw a third man walk hurriedly away. A few days later this third man, a former deputy district attorney named Clark, confessed the crime. Clark, a clever lawyer, made a plea of self defense. At his first trial the jury disagreed. At the second trial Clark was acquitted.

A WEEK ago two young women were murdered in Phoenix, Arizona. Their dismembered bodies were found in two trunks and a suit case, in the S. P. baggage room in Los Angeles. A Mrs. Ruth Judd claimed the trunks, but when a suspicious baggage man asked her to open them, she fled with her brother and disappeared. Yesterday this Mrs. Judd confessed the crime, through her attorney. She also claimed self defense, and offered a wounded hand as evidence.

CLARK maintained he shot one of his victims, as the latter pulled a gun; the other was shot down, as he came at him swinging a chair.

Mrs. Judd maintains she shot one of her victims, after the latter had sent a bullet through her hand; the other was shot down as she came at her swinging an ironing board.

A GUN AND A CHAIR! A GUN AND AN IRONING BOARD! TWO MEN MURDERED IN ONE CASE; TWO WOMEN IN THE OTHER!

Mrs. Judd's attorney asks that his client be tried in Los Angeles. SMART man!

baron, multimillionaire—the bitter bit; the spotter on the spot; the rapper, taking the rap!

WONDER of wonders! Marvel of marvels! We only hope Judge Wilkerson and the federal officials will take the precaution for a few weeks, to drive to work in their armored cars! P. S.—Later. Now the court holds Capone's departure over until Monday. We thought there was a "catch" in it.

Today

By Arthur Briabane
 Laval, of Many Races.
 Idaho and France.
 Fine Titles, Fine Names.
 Venus' Birthplace.

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An official dinner at the White House enabled some American newspaper men to study and admire the French visitor, Premier Laval, closeup. There were Ogden Reid, who owns the New York Herald-Tribune; Gannett and Paul Block, each owning many newspapers; Frank Kellogg from Chicago, and others.

Laval, officially announced as "the president of the council of ministers of France," walked slowly around the White House reception room in which the guests stood in a row, shaking hands with each. Marshal Petain, called by General Pershing "the greatest soldier that France produced in the war," followed.

Last came President Hoover, shaking hands with all his guests, then walking to the dining room, with Laval beside him.

The President looked weary, and no wonder. A White House official of long experience said: "I have seen seven Presidents, and not one ever worked as President Hoover works."

Premier Laval, and Senator Borah, side by side, with an interpreter translating what each other said, formed an interesting contrast, as far apart as the buckwheat cakes of Idaho, from the "bouillabaisse" of Marseilles.

Newspaper reporters who write: "You see in Laval's face his French peasant ancestry" would change their description on closer inspection.

You see in the face traces of many nations that have sailed the Mediterranean for five thousand years, coming in over the Pyrenees, the Alps and down from the north and east. Who sees only "peasant ancestry" in the face of Laval, would see only a peasant woman in the Mona Lisa face.

Laval's eye is as penetrating as a steel drill, and his face tells nothing of what he thinks. His smile, reflecting the sunshine of the "Midi," tells nothing. Don't play poker with him.

He is exactly the height of Vice-President Curtis, whose head comes as high as President Hoover's shoulders. But Laval is perhaps an inch or two taller than Napoleon the First, more securely powerful than Napoleon, and he will have no Waterloo or St. Helena.

The democratic Laval had about him the following gentlemen with resounding names: Marquis De Chambrun, Duc De Broglie, Major General Count De Chambrun, Marquis De Grasse, Marquis De Rochambeau, and Duc De Noailles.

Perhaps Mr. Laval has heard of a certain weakness for titles in this proud democratic country.

The French thought they were rid of titles in the revolution, but they were not. Such things stick, for if you have nothing else to distinguish you, a title is convenient. When a strong lunged servant roars out, "Marquis De Rochambeau" democracy is impressed.

If Premier Laval went to China he would taste birds-nest soup, or shark's fins, and look pleased. Arriving here he tasted ice water, for the first time, and remarked that it was "a good cure for a Frenchman."

He didn't say WHAT it would cure. If his grandmother in the little Auvergne village near Clermont-Ferrand could have seen little "Pierre" with that glass of water she would have dashed at him to save him from destruction, mixing some claret with the water, or at least a few drops of "neur d'orange."

It would have amazed sincere prohibitionists to see Laval, with the energy of ten dynamos; the French Marshal Petain, straight as an arrow at 73, and the others, POT raised on ice water or ginger pop, who have

drunk French wine all their lives, and show no bad effects.

Long ago, Diarsell, British statesman, whose ancestors came out of Asia, and who made Victoria, Empress of India—Diarsell to whom Bismarck referred admiringly as "The Old Jew," went to Berlin.

He came back bringing "peace with honor," casually picking up and adding the useful island of Cyprus, one of the largest in the Mediterranean, to Britain's possessions.

Now the inhabitants of Cyprus are in rebellion, demanding the right to leave Britain and join with Greece. Britain sends ships with soldiers, and that rebellion will be squelched. There is just enough reality to remind you how easily big empires can go to pieces.

A really interesting spot on earth is that island of Cyprus, with its 350,000 inhabitants.

Alexander the Great quarreled about it. St. Paul and St. Mark preached on it. Richard the Lion-Hearted married on it, and Aphrodite, Goddess of Love, is supposed to have been born of its sea foam.

The present row is prosaic, having to do with an unpopular tariff.

We shall see a real flier when General Italo Balbo flies here from Rome to represent Mussolini, with a squadron of 24 Italian seaplanes on a trip around the world.

General Balbo, only 35 years old, is Mussolini's air minister, and a real flier. When he soars above Washington with his 24 planes, our government will perhaps be impressed with the fact that 24 other planes, or TWENTY-FOUR HUNDRED PLANES might some day come on a less peaceful errand.

What would this country, with its petty "anti-aircraft gun," do to repel a thousand bomb-dropping, gas dropping, poison-gas dropping airplanes, piloted by men with no fear of death?

M. H. Sloan, vice-president of the Standard Statistics Company, knows a good deal about conditions, and says "the worst is past and October will probably have been the lowest month."

More important, perhaps, is the statement by Gates W. McGarrath, head of the International Bank, who finds Wall Street more cheerful. He is a good judge of the inside feelings of high finance.

If you are past 60, all years above that number are "profit." Life lasts longer, and because there are old people alive with weakened resistance, deaths from cancer and heart disease are more numerous. The heart, arteries, kidneys, liver and the fighting spirit of the white blood corpuscles diminish, as the years creep on.

There are more people on earth 50 years old now than there ever were. Not very long ago, in the second biggest city of France, there was not a man or woman that had reached 50. And Montaigne's great friend, La Bastie, dying, congratulated himself on having reached the fairly old age of 35.

Communications

To the editor: This committee, composed of taxpayers of division No. 1, of the Medford irrigation district feels we should elect for director our best qualified man. The official duties performed by J. C. Murphy in past years lead us to believe in his efficiency for the office of director. "Straight legal business," is our motto.

The following article from the Minneapolis Journal of September 17, 1929, gives some idea of the esteem in which Mr. Murphy was held in Rockford, Minn., where he served as mayor and in subordinate capacities before removing to Oregon: "The village council of Rockford will meet Thursday evening to pick a successor to J. C. Murphy, mayor, who is leaving Rockford after living in Minnesota the greater part of his life. Mr. Murphy is leaving for Medford, Ore., where he owns a ranch and other property."

"Mr. Murphy, born in Hennepin county 50 years ago, moved to Rockford in 1915 to engage in the farm implement business. He began his political career in 1916 when he was elected to the village council, on which he served until 1922. In 1922 he was chosen justice of the peace and filled that office until 1926. In March, 1929, Rockford picked him as its mayor. In addition to being member of the council, justice of the peace and mayor, Mr. Murphy has engaged in the farm implement business as local representative of the International Harvester company." (Signed)

Taxpayers Committee, Division No. 1, Medford Irrigation District.

FLIGHT O' TIME

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK
 From the Files of The Mail Tribune

Monday—A warm wind blows from the west, and rain is predicted, which will be welcome to farmers and hunters.

The campaign grows bitter, and many acrimonious letters from democrats and republicans are received by the editor, who is charged with not printing all the republican epistles.

Story Conrad and Rankin Estes return from a deer hunt in the Rock Point country. They got four bucks, and Estes got lost.

Charles Ray, in "The Deserter," at the Page.

Delphiniums are in bloom.

Tuesday—The Medford high school defeats Klamath Falls 27 to 0. Carter Brandon, Billy Mitchell, and Jess Gentry did noble work for the Black and Red.

The police warn parents, that young girls must be kept home, or they will be placed in the city jail. Four maid-nones over 13 years were rounded up last night at ten o'clock.

Charles W. Fulton, former Oregon senator, will make the closing address of the republican campaign, and will urge "mothers not to be deceived by the 'peeps' out of war."

The Mail Tribune says that the democrats are not backed by Wall Street, like the republicans, and will have to depend on the oratorical efforts of Judge W. E. Crews, E. E. Kelly, Porter J. Neff, and Mrs. Rose Schiefelin.

Wednesday—Machinery for new sawmill on the Applegate ordered by C. J. Semon. A life-long Republican of Phoenix, announces his desertion of the ranks to vote for Wilson, and predicts "Hughes will not get 100 votes in the two Phoenix precincts."

Victory claimed for Rumanians in Transylvania. The much needed rain still holds off.

County court asked to abolish county engineer, and three deputy sheriffs to reduce taxes.

President Wilson given credit by Talent fruitgrowers for saving this year's crop.

Thursday—Republican central committee finds a Cleveland democrat, who has not been kept out of war. "Ashland Herald" editor of the Morning Sun for scoffing at Wilson's campaign slogan.

"Do Our Daughters Run Wild," at the Star theater.

S. S. Smith, Jackson county exponent of republicanism, appeared on the streets this morning hiding himself behind a modest Hughes button of the general dimensions of the family washbasin.

Vallie Comice net \$4.84 a box in New York.

Friday—Tom Waterman writes a letter to the editor stating that he does not care who is elected president, but will be glad "when the hubbub is over."

Democrats evicting Port Vaux. Aviator Carlson attempting flight from Medford to New York.

Porter J. Neff, in address at Nat. declares "Wall Street has no vision," and calls on all good citizens to "shake loose the shackles of great wealth," by their votes next Tuesday.

Guy Connor's car hit by car driven by driver blinded by sun.

Saturday—Democrats betting Wilson will carry Jackson county, and clerks expect a consignment of Wall Street money at the last minute to influence the vote.

Beaver-Portland cement plant at Gold Hill starts operations.

The Greater Medford club will give a supper dabsant Thanksgiving eve.

Page theater packed with people to hear Attorney Porter J. Neff pay tribute to Woodrow Wilson, and charge Attorney Neff has "his eye on fat federal plum, and it's not the postmaster's plum."

Straw vote taken in Bates Brothers barbershop gives Hughes 76, Wilson 3.

Press Comment

AN AGRICULTURAL REVIVAL—When the new era of prosperity dawned—as it surely will—reason exists for believing that agriculture and allied industries will enjoy a better position than they have in the past 10 or 12 years.

When these changes are finished, we are likely to find agriculture on the same basis as other industries with the prospects of old-time fair profits from farming operations.

This does not mean that future farm revenues are to fall into the class of easy money and that large profits will accrue to everyone who owns or operates a piece of land. But it does mean that agriculture will regain its place as a stable occupation in which those who are willing to work intelligently will receive a fair reward as compensation.

As in other lines of endeavor, farming is competitive. The man who can produce the most for the least will stand in a preferred position. There will always be some who will make profits that seem unreasonably high and others who fall to make both ends meet.

It is well to notice, that the prospects for agricultural improvement are not linked with governmental activity. It is quite plain now that the farmers have not been benefited in the least by the long harangue about farm relief. There is some evidence, in fact, to show that they have been harmed.

Viewing the earnings of agriculture in the past and the satisfactory prospects for the future, this is plainly a time in which foresighted men should prepare to take advantage of the opportunities that lie ahead.

(Sioux Falls Daily Argus-Leader).

Almece Outwits the Mayor—Major J. M. Curley of Boston pulled a fast one on Almece Sempie McPherson Hutton, or at least thought he did, when he publicly announced after the evangelist's call at the city hall that the collections taken up at his revival services would be split 50-50 with Boston's poor. But he didn't know Almece. She immediately countered with a denial. The mayor stood-pat, whereupon the blond queen of the sawdust ring compromised by agreeing to split the net proceeds after expenses of the revival were paid.

It was the fair Almece who took up the collections and counted the cash. She was also who contracted the expenses and paid the bills. And as it turned out, as usual, it was Almece who slipped one over the mayor. Some 165,000 people attended the revival. Almece reported total receipts of only \$23,500.30. She reported expenses of \$23,441.48 leaving but \$58.82 to split with the poor.

Almece found the mayor of Boston almost as easy to work as the mayor of Portland, both of whom she utilized for publicity purposes. Mayor Curley however, got \$32.41 out of it for the poor, which is \$2.41 more than Mayor Baker got for the poor by appearing on the platform with her. Almece is a little bit too smart for any mayor and makes dubs out of them all.

However, this is the usual result of performances of any kind staged in the name of charity. For the civic, religious and fraternal organizations are always falling. They do the work and are usually left holding the sack, the promoter gets the cash, and the poor get little or nothing.

(Salem Capital Journal).

Intangible Refund—Prompt action by state tax commission to refund 1929 intangibles tax is to be commended as a step likely to restore confidence in the integrity of state tax administration and good will towards the state.

Such a step is commendable. Unfortunately, the 8 per cent law now on the books is even worse than the 5 per cent law declared unconstitutional. It is being questioned in court.

It is extremely who are responsible for the state's inefficiency in recovering revenue from intangibles, the extreme who insist on high rates and dragnet industrial provisions. What these extremists overlook is the fundamental fact that any tax on intangibles is double taxation, in the sense that the property represented by the securities is property already taxed. No net return can be recovered from intangibles without good will of the intangibles taxpayers as a class. To attempt to punish intangible ownership by special discriminations is to invite resentment such as is reflected in these lawsuits.

Councils of moderation must be heeded if Oregon is going to develop a maximum revenue from intangibles to help relieve real estate taxes. Making a rate too high drives the bulk of intangibles out of the taxing jurisdiction. Rates and conditions must be adjusted to "what the traffic will bear" and yield a large return.

(Oregon Voter).

EVERING PAPERS PREDOMINATE—Publishers' statements for the six months ending September 30, filed with the postal department for the month of October, show the following daily average paid circulation:

Oregon Journal 107,761
 Portland Oregonian 104,179
 News-Telegram 81,081

The Journal has at last, after a nip and tuck race during the past five years, passed the Oregonian, which is not so much the triumph of youth, or of superior editorial excellence as it is of the popularity of the evening newspaper over the morning. Average persons, particularly those residing in cities, prefer the evening paper, for they not only get the news the day it happens, but they have the leisure to read it.

This is true all over the country, for the 328 morning papers in the United States have a total circulation of 14,434,257 as against 25,154,915 for the 1534 evening papers. The preference for evening papers is such that they can exist in small communities of a few thousand population while morning papers have a struggle in cities ten times their size.

The declination among morning papers in the last decade has been appalling—some fifty odd established journals having either been merged with rivals or suspended. In Oregon there are but four morning newspapers left and there will be still fewer in the near future, some three having been absorbed by evening rivals in the past year. The morning paper is becoming a metropolitan proposition.

It was the decline and death of the Portland Telegram that gave the Journal its lead. The Telegram claimed some \$2,500 circulation when purchased by the News. The statements show that the News retained some 23,000, and the merged paper and the Journal grabbed 500,000 out of the wreckage, enough to nose out the Oregonian at least for the time being.

An inventive web offers the argument that a fellow full of beer has a faculty for getting away from the subject, which many psychologists say is all the present situation demands.—Detroit News

The evening paper has today's news printed today. The morning paper has yesterday's news, printed today. Especially is this true in the west where evening papers have the advantage of four hours differential between Atlantic and Pacific time.—(Salem Capital Journal).

Ye Poet's Corner

"God's Splendors."
 (By Dorothy K. Conrad)
 A dancing, darting crystal stream
 Whose tiny stones in the sunlight gleam

Like shiny new dollars just from the mint;
 Of wooded luxury their beauty must hint.
 The pale green grass beside them nook,
 Only the feet of the wild doe dare to trod.

It is a majestic, heavenly sight
 To gaze at the stars until late in the night.
 And to listen to that wild little brook,
 As it gurgles and babbles by each little nook.

What was that—a far-away howl?
 Or maybe the hoot of a lonely old owl.
 With the dawn, you must stop and gaze
 At the big red sun as she commences to raise

O'er the stately pines on the eastern shore
 Of that babbling brook that goes on forever more.
 It is a delightful game the little birds play,
 As they dart to and fro all through the day.

They sing and are happy and free
 From want, and their little tid-bits are easy to hunt.
 I placed my head upon the ground,
 And what did I hear
 But the steady hoof-beats of several deer

As they drew nigh, I ducked for the bushes
 On they came, two fauna, a buck and a doe,
 The old boy snorted; he smelled a foe.
 The little ones hastened to their mother's side.

They were weak with fright, but they never cried,
 The buck was uneasy at the first whiff he got.
 He stood as if glued to the very same spot.
 There they stood in the pale morning light.
 I cannot describe this beautiful sight.

And the day went, like a comet on high,
 When I think of it now I must have a big sigh.
 For our dear God made all of these things,
 The deer, the birds, the grass and the crystal springs.

Talks To Parents

Nature Interests
 (By Alice Judson Peale)
 The summer months have brought to many children a very real interest in the world of living things.

One child has collected butterflies, another has learned to recognize nearly all the birds in his vicinity, yet another has acquired some pet newts and turtles.

Still another has gathered a miscellaneous collection of birds' nests, fragments of robins' eggs, pink and white pebbles, silky cocoons and pretty leaves.

All these interests lead to further inquiry, knowledge, and pleasure in the world of living things.

Such pets as fishes, frogs, turtles, crickets, etc., can be given a winter home on a window sill. Cocoons can be hung up in a dry place where they may hatch to the child's great wonder and delight.

The child who has been especially interested in the garden will enjoy helping to put the perennial bulbs to sleep for the winter, protecting them carefully with earth and bedding them down with straw.

He will enjoy, too, helping to plant the croubs bulbs and snowdrops which will pop up miraculously the lawn even before spring has come.

He may enjoy taking care of a flower box of his own on the sunporch, planting what he likes, and caring for it himself.

He may be interested also in experimenting with the seeds he runs across—apple, grape fruit, orange and lemon seeds may sprout for him if he has luck.

Nature books which will allow the child to find out more about the things in which he is already interested are good reading for the winter months.

Somebody or other has invented a motor horn which sounds like a harp, presumably so that the pedestrian will hardly notice their transition to a better life.—Boston Herald.

Explorer says the frozen Arctic will be an asset for the country owning them. Spokesman for this country says we have enough of that kind of assets.—Arkansas Gazette.

We remain quite unmoved by the announcement that side whiskers are becoming a vogue in London. Personally we shall always prefer our mutton chops on the inside of our face.—Boston Herald.

Whistling is a sure sign of a morose New York professor says, and we, too, have tried to work when some one was whistling.—Topeka State Journal.

An inventive web offers the argument that a fellow full of beer has a faculty for getting away from the subject, which many psychologists say is all the present situation demands.—Detroit News

Smudge Smoke

Musue Multhead's old red car needs painting.

T. Bill Isaacs has hung a new night sign in front of his pantry.

The high points are covered with snow, and the valley visited by rain which may wet up the ground, it is said.

A. Holt let loose last wk. and drank Salen water.

The deer slaughtering, if any, season closes today, and heavy firing is predicted on all fronts.

The 1-eyed auto lights are still beaming on the days.

W. J. Henry of New York City, gave to a writer a box of apples last week, through his able assistant Hugh Hamlin, who apologized for smallness of the product, and the fact he had on an old pair of trousers, and a 1927 Ed, at a rakish angle.

Ed Andrews and Ed White met in front of the latter's establishment. Ed Andrews rehearsed the first three acts and final chorus of "The Mikado."

There is a decline in the number who have wandered this far from home to starve.

The old folks have quit telling how hard the times were in 1893, to tell how cold the winters were when they were boys.

Sombody to'v Dad Bates' horse shoes, and he was not out for a week. We knew a man who took a horse, and was not out for two years.

Gitso Shimoda, 7, was forced to go to a dentist Wed. and have one of his bluish lined up straight with the world.

Jim Muleahy of the Epize was a pleasant caller Thurs. looking as chipper as ever. He is going to speed up the freight trains between here and Portland he says.

A man was found nearly froze to death in a cabin in the timber, for lack of wood, there being none in the woods.

Sheriff Jennings is now a Grand-paw, and sleeping accordingly.

The unfettered and aroused Democracy of Jackson county met Thurs. eve and mapped out plans for griding their loins in the coming campaign. All took the pledge, not to desert their own candidate, for one offering free phones, or dairy products without cost to the taxpayers.

It is not thought they will stick by it, as they never have in the past. A good democrat would rather ruin his own party than his traditional foe—the rascally Republicans.

F. DeSouza was the main spring, and has kept the fair well. Owing to the unemployment there will be no lack of runners for office. It looks like there will be at least 200 candidates for sheriff.

Overcast stealing weather is on the tapis for the coming week.

Sauerkraut, which all the beany chaps spell sauerkraut, is on the mkt. This is a sign of winter, which will officially arrive, when Ed Lampert's front door is kicked in by burglar; the Farm Bureau safe blown open, when it was already open, and a high school boy from Ashland falls in the cider at the cannery.

It seems that only those writers with a past have a future.—Thomaston Times.

Perhaps Mayor Walker so frequently absents himself in order to show that he can always come back.—Weston Leader.

A lot of people who bought "securities" are wondering whether they understand the English language.—B'nai B'rith Messenger.

Is Communism New?

A LETTER from a subscriber (not for publication contains the following: "Certainly you are intelligent enough to realize the capitalistic system has been tried and found wanting. It is an out-of-date in the realm of modern economies, as the stage coach in the realm of modern transportation. The New World is no longer here in America; the New World is in Russia. There they have discovered and put in practice a new conception of government which is as certainly the government of the future, as capitalistic democracy is the government of the past."

We have heard this argument so frequently of late, that we are getting a bit tired of it. It is based upon the entirely fallacious and stupid assumption, that communism, sovietism, socialism (or whatever you wish to call it) is a RECENT "discovery," something entirely original and NEW.

As a matter of fact communism is as old as the human race. It was the first form of government adopted by primitive agrarian tribes. It was the basis of Plato's Republic; the germinating idea of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia"; the working principal of Robert Owen's "New Lanark"; and the aim of innumerable other schemes of realizing the Millennium, including "Brook Farm" in this country in