

**MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE**  
 "Everyone in Southern Oregon reads the Mail Tribune"  
 Daily Except Saturdays  
 Published by  
 SCHEIDT PRINTING CO.  
 25-27-29 N. W. 1st St. Phone 14  
 ROBERT W. HULL, Editor  
 E. L. KNAPP, Manager  
 An Independent Newspaper  
 Entered as second class matter at Medford Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.  
 SUBSCRIPTION RATES  
 By Mail—In Advance  
 Daily, per year, \$7.00  
 Daily, month, \$1.00  
 By Carrier, in Advance—Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and all deliveries.  
 Daily, month, \$1.25  
 Daily, one year, \$15.00  
 All terms, cash in advance.  
 Official paper of the City of Medford.  
 Official paper of Jackson County.  
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**Ye Smudge Pot**  
 By Arthur Perry  
 The claim, made all last winter, that "the sunshine would cheer up the masses" is true, except that they are waiting, about two octaves higher than in November.  
 Several are becoming greatly annoyed of the sound of their own voices.  
 As Cunningham announced last night, he was "wrestling with the depression." It is the consensus of opinion that Mr. Cinghams's 6-ft. boy, and football tackle, would do a better job.  
 The Mud, Murder and Mayhem stage of the campaign is just around the corner.  
 The feminine portion of the population continue to enmesh their shapely charms in men's socks. A few warm days and they will be too timid.  
 Country hens are hatching batches of chickens, and are busier than a candidate for sheriff, with 108 promises out for deputyships, and only three places to put them.  
 It is just beginning to dawn upon a number of the statesmen of the nation, that the "rising pot" is not melting. This, as you perhaps know, is the mythical receptacle into which all aliens are cast, to be transformed, as if by magic, into good citizens, and free from blemishes of any nature whatsoever. Instead, the alien buys a still, and borrows a gun, and forthwith becomes a minor wave in the crime wave. Not all the immigrants are reprobates, but a goodly portion of the new arrivals have inclinations in that direction, it seems. They do not always become identified with the "drug rings" and then the "liquor rings" enlist a willing and energetic worker, who knows who to wire when he gets caught.  
 A lecturer told a Portland audience the depression "is due to the people not thinking. However, the people were not accused of not trying.  
 The weeds are coming up fine, wherever ground has been spaded for gardens.  
 SPRING FEVER  
 A number of cases of spring fever have been noted, and Fred Health has one window of his drugstore piled high with Missouri sassafras, which he urges as a cure. The doctors have a difficult time distinguishing spring fever from natural shiftnessness. Some of the patients are so doggone weary from spring fever they do not have enough gumption left to cure Hoover. Five years ago the spring fever could be cured by an auto trip to Nova Scotia, as soon as school was out, but that was when the farmers did not know enough not to plant vegetables near the highways. The spring fever victim is apt to be found in the shade, where unless watched he will linger until snow flies. Also the patient does a good job of losing it, and is revitalized, and needs more iron in his veins. When the spring fever is rampant, as now, even Tomus Swem, when afoot, slows down to 30 miles per hr. and his native chippiness declines in a noticeable degree. April is the leading month for the spring fever. Then many folks say: "I never feel like doing anything in April." The other 11 months they won't admit it. Some employ the lawnmower, as a cure for it. After their wives have driven them to it, you will see the patient hammering the lawnmower with a monkey-wrench, because the lawnmower won't travel over the front-yard under his own steam. There seems to be no cure for spring fever. If elected, I will cure the spring fever by abolishing spring, thus cutting down the expenses and the seasons. The spring fever is not so bad, if rich enough to afford it.  
 "SAYS YOU" KIDS SHOUT.  
 (Ottawa Herald)  
 We certainly don't blame the boys and girls for roller skating on the smooth concrete streets. Nor are we surprised that some of them have evolved the sport of grabbing the backs of passing motor cars to be pulled for a block or two. At the same time it might be suggested to them that if they persist in doing it, one or two of them certainly are going to break their goat-blamed little necks.

**The Strange Case of Alfalfa Bill**

ALFALFA BILL has been found, but the mystery of his disappearance hasn't been explained. We doubt if it ever will be,—at least to the satisfaction of those who assume Alfalfa Bill is what he PRETENDS to be.

THE Governor of Oklahoma poses as another "Sockless Simpson," a simple-minded product of the soil, crude, illiterate, common as dirt, with only one deep passion in life, the amelioration of the lot of the common man.

As a matter of fact Alfalfa Bill is nothing of the sort. Instead of being illiterate, he is one of the best read men in the United States. Instead of being "sockless" he always wears them,—usually silk ones. His shoes were off and the socks were much in evidence when he was found, puffing a two-bit cigar, in his drawing room on the swank "Portland Rose" somewhere in Idaho last night. Instead of being simple, he is extremely complex.

AT this point we hear someone say Alfalfa Bill is merely "another demagogue." He is a demagogue all right but not just "another one." He is a very unique and original one. Which is only another way of saying he is a demagogue, when his shrewd and calculating mind, tells him, that it is the profitable thing to be, and at no other time.

When he appears before an audience where demagoguery isn't wanted, as he did in Washington, D. C., a few months ago, for example, he is as logical and straightforward and convincing as any true statesman could be.

And when, as happened in his state of Oklahoma not so long ago, support of big business, in the shape of the Oil Trust, appears the politic course to pursue, there is Bill fighting the fight of Octopus Sinclair and all the little octopuses.

IN Short, Alfalfa Bill is the Opportunist par excellence. He is all things to all men, when those things are to his own personal advantage. He is essentially an Individualist,—an "Original"—only interested in others when such interest benefits HIMSELF.

As a result any effort to classify him fails, and any effort to chart his future course is futile, because like the chameleon, his color and character at any given time, depend upon his surroundings.

WE don't know what impelled him to suddenly abandon the long suffering proletariat of Oregon, and hop the Limited for Oklahoma City. But we DO NOW something came up that convinced him, attention to his personal interests back there, was more important, to him AT THAT PARTICULAR MOMENT than anything else.

So characteristically he dropped Oregon like a hot cake, didn't even take the trouble to announce a change in plans, and eastward he sped, as fast as train and plane could take him.

THERE is a valuable lesson to be derived from this sudden "fade-out" of Alfalfa Bill in Oregon, but we doubt if many will take the trouble to profit by it.

Governor Murray as a presidential candidate is undoubtedly through as far as this state is concerned. But sooner or later another super-demagogue will take his place, and scores of the rank and file will fall for him.

The lesson is briefly that every super-demagogue is also a super-egotist. Under a smoke screen of devotion to others, he is invariably devoted only to himself. So when any REAL test comes—and sooner or later the real test always comes,—when the selfish interests of the demagogue and the real interests of the rank and file do not coincide—

The super-demagogue hops the first train for other parts,—and his followers—poor deluded simps—are left as they are today in Oregon, completely befuddled and mystified about everything except that

THEY ARE HOLDING THE SACK!

**The Tortoise and the Hare**

WHILE on this super-demagogue subject, might we add, that if one searched the entire country for the complete antithesis of the type, that search would end at the White House?

President Hoover is undoubtedly the outstanding anti-demagogue today in American public life.

In fact, if he were just a little bit more of a demagogue—a bit more of the four-flusher and professional glad-hander,—his political future would look far brighter, than it does today.

HOWEVER there is one important fact about this demagogue business. It's like the get-rich-quick gold brick business. Works like a house-a-fire for a certain length of time, but sooner or later—too frequently LATER—it ends in defeat and disaster.

It all comes back to Lincoln's wise aphorism "you can't fool all the people all the time." They may be dishearteningly slow to get onto the graft, but our political history demonstrates, that eventually they always do.

AND the converse is true. The Hoover type, free from guff and bluff, seorning the false and specious arts of the street carnival fakir, climbs a rough and up-hill political road, but he CLIMBS nevertheless.

The people don't go crazy about him, they refuse to throw their hats in the air whenever he appears, but gradually bit and bit, step by step, they come to have a certain solid respect and confidence in him. They realize that whatever falls, they can always depend upon him to do what he believes to be best not for himself, not for this faction or that, but for the people of the country, AS A WHOLE.

It is the old parable of the hare and the tortoise again. There has been nothing thrilling or spectacular about the political progress of Tortoise Herbert—but the fact remains he has been going ahead in his own somewhat lumbering way, while the political hares have been running around him in circles.

A couple of months ago we wouldn't have believed it possible. But today we have a strong hunch Will Rogers wasn't as crazy as his fellow democrats thought him when he predicted President Hoover would be re-elected.

Even today, our prediction would be otherwise. But probably when that historic race between the rabbit and the turtle started, the present writer would have backed the rabbit, at no smaller odds, than TEN TO ONE!

Reedport—Winchester Bay Lumber Co. installing machinery in its box shop plant.  
 Beaverton—Store formerly occupied by Sprague in Cady building being remodeled.

**Today**

By Arthur Briabane  
 The Emus and Ourselves.  
 It's the Public's Fault.  
 What Is Education?  
 New Game, Sock the Rich

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 HEARST RANCH, San Simon, Cal., April 12.—Beautiful, is this mountain side, half way between northern and southern California. W. R. Hearst, born in this state, with newspapers in north and south California, lives, tactfully, in the middle. He did not plan it, but built his house on the hills over which he rode, as a boy with his father, who raised cattle and horses here on fields where oats grow wild, and pasture lasts the year round.

Easter lilies as big as sunflowers grow in the open here, fifteen hundred feet above sea level, and scores of other flowers, including many that are strange, growing thick and rank as red clover.  
 Mild eyed kangaroos gaze placidly upon you, free in wide fields, not knowing or caring how they got here, from half way round the world. Emus and cassowaries share their intellectual indifference, and snow white deer from Japan.  
 We human bipeds, stolidly, don't know how we reached this rolling sphere, whence we came or whither we are soon to go, and like the emus a majority of us are free from intellectual curiosity.

The public learns from Mr. Whitney, head of New York's Stock Exchange that the poor innocent bears have nothing to do with our troubles.  
 The public itself is responsible. It should not have gambled so wildly. That recalls the saloon keeper's remark pointing to the fallen drunkard "He drank it, I didn't. Why blame me?"

Mr. Whitney says also that Mr. Coolidge is to blame, for talking so much about prosperity, thus building up the great bull market of 1929. And Mr. Hoover was to blame for promising, in his campaign, that poverty was about to be abolished forever.  
 President Hoover said nothing of the kind. He said that poverty COULD be abolished. So it could, if the nation had brains enough to distribute its plenty for all, and if men that rob the people of their savings, with worthless stock issues were jailed for life, instead of being merely questioned.

What is education?  
 The baseball season begins, and fifty million Americans can tell you about "the Browns, White Sox, Indians, Cardinals, Yankees, Giants, and Cardinals, Yankees, Giants," and Lefty Grove, Wesley Parrel, Lefty Gomez, Long George Kelly, Hafey, Grimes and all the others.

Of the same fifty millions, few could tell you anything about Giordano Bruno, Archimedes, Serretus, Tamerlane, Harvey, to say nothing of Thales, Pythagoras, or the big three, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle.  
 Yet, incredible as it may sound to "rooters for the Cuba," any one of the last named twelve will outlive in men's memories, all the baseball players and clubs.

Insurgent democrats and "progressive" republicans plan, it is said to "soak the rich, jack up taxes on the wealthy, increase surtaxes, estate and gift taxes, levy all the traffic will bear on luxury commodities."  
 "Soaking the rich," may not prove to be harmless sport, for, strange as it may seem, a nation's prosperity calls for individuals of intelligence and energy.

Henry Ford, the Du Ponts, some General Motors, and steel men, are rich. Also, they have paid in wages one thousand dollars and more, for every dollar they own.  
 Well meaning radicals should make sure that THEY can continue paying the wages, before they "soak the rich," out of existence.

A religious order once established itself in Central America, and arranged to "soak the poor" natives, by making them work steadily, no play, only salvation hereafter, guaranteed.  
 The Indians did not like it, and stopped having children. There were no more Indians to "soak," and the whole scheme was a failure.

If earnest radicals soak the rich until the latter cease producing payrolls, there may be REAL trouble.  
 Joseph Letter, of Chicago is dead. His father, a great merchant, helped, with money inherited by his beautiful daughter Mary, to make life pleasant for the late Lord Curzon and his British descendants.  
 Letter, a picturesque figure, spent his life, like many other rich men's sons, fighting, gambling, developing fantastic schemes.

**Personal Health Service**

By William Brady, M. D.  
 Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not of 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.

**THE PHYSIOLOGY OF CHILL.**

Let's forget all the things we know "which ain't so" about exposure and chilling, and try to consider the thing rationally.  
 Common sense tells us that very sudden change from hot to cold is not dangerous. In fact, a great many individuals habitually subject themselves to such change in the belief, probably well founded, that it is beneficial to health. Indeed this is a principle of hydrotherapy or bath treatment.  
 Now I ask you in all sincerity, what difference can it make whether the sudden change is in water or in air? Or whether it is a change affecting the whole surface of the body or only a limited area of the surface?  
 I hasten to acknowledge that it is unwise for one who has worked up a profuse sweat by vigorous exercise, to play, work, to cease exercising and sit down without covering the portions of body thus warmed up or the whole body with enough additional clothing to keep him or her comfortably warm for an hour or so. Not that there is any danger of "catching cold," but merely because too sudden chilling is likely to cause lameness, stiffness or soreness in the muscles of their backs, especially if one is not accustomed to such effort. A person accustomed to the effort, or an athlete who is in good training, is less likely to suffer such soreness.

So far as we know, from scientific experiment and from actual everyday experience, there is no danger whatever in sudden exposure to cold after exposure to excessive heat. The point is that anybody, even an invalid, may safely throw off the covers or excess of clothing and cool off in a hurry after a profuse sweat has been artificially produced by the application of heat or by hot drinks or medicines.  
 If you can rid your mind from common delusions and traditions about this you will be compelled to admit that nearly all the "deaths of cold" or "pneumonia" that casual observers predict from such exposure never happen. And if you can stand off and view the matter through a cynical eye you will discover that in nearly all instances of honest to goodness pneumonia or bronchitis ascribed to inclement weather the association of the exposure to cold with the illness is in reality a post-hoc idea, that is, the explanation

He planned, it is said, to buy the Great Wall of China, to preserve it for posterity. Japan will attend to that.  
 He planned a one million egg incubator in a Chicago office building.  
 Harvey S. Firestone, the tire man, more practical has his winter office in a Florida Garden.  
 In his last days, Letter from a wheel chair watched his horses racing at New Orleans. If he came back, he would probably live the same life again.  
 He possessed great power, made useless by inherited money.

Colonel Lindbergh, swindled out of fifty thousand dollars by kidnapers, or perhaps by sharpers that successfully posed as the kidnapers, waited near a grave yard, while, in the cemetery, an old man paid the money. The child was to be delivered on board a certain yacht, Colonel Lindbergh, who flew to the appointed place, and found no yacht and no child has said "I will not pay another penny in ransom, until the child has been placed in my arms."  
 When the present search is ended, it is predicted by his friends that Colonel Lindbergh will become leader of a movement to abate the present highly organized crime menace.  
 Whether his child be found, as all hope it will be, or not, Colonel Lindbergh should make an efficient leader in an anti-crime movement.

not raise his head. He could wag his tail and he did, silently. He certainly is a brave patient, never crying and only wagging his tail, thanking every one for any consideration. I wish that the thoughtless person who thus tortured Rough could see him, and perhaps realize that no dog could possibly do anything to deserve such punishment. Even poisoning is kinder, because it either kills quickly or if immediately treated, can be counteracted with less suffering.  
 But I wish to say to anyone who is annoyed by a neighbor's dog or a stray, speak to the owner or call the Humane society to take care of the dog. Remember, the dog is man's most faithful and loyal friend, and has performed many valuable services to mankind in war and peace. If you doubt this, raise a puppy and make a friend of him, and you will have an invaluable possession.  
 MRS. JAMES F. HOHR.  
 Medford, April 13.

**Talks To Parents**  
 FREEDOM INTERPRETED  
 By Alice Judson Peate.  
 When Jim was a baby his parents were enthusiastic about a number of new educational theories obtained from various lectures and from books by contemporary scientists, educators and psychologists.  
 They decided to bring up their boy according to what they held to be the gist of their new-found knowledge.  
 Their motto was freedom. Their child should know none of the customary restraints. He should eat what he chose, go to bed when he pleased, play learn quite according to his own impulses. He should never have to learn the meaning of the word obedience for would not experience teach him all that he would have to know?  
 If both parents had not been busy with matters which diverted their attention from their child they probably would have found plenty of occasion to doubt the wisdom of their course. As it was, they left it to a swiftly changing row of nurses and housekeepers to carry out their ideas.  
 At 8, Jim represents the perfect picture of the underprivileged, neglected child. He has not learned the first essentials about living with other people.  
 He has not the faintest idea of gently or considerate behavior. He lies without a shadow of conscience. He is cruel, even brutal, without a qualm.  
 He has been brought up not in freedom but in chaos. The rules, the short cuts to adjustment in our complicated, civilized world that every child is normally given in the form of nursery training, schooling and the guidance of his parents, have been denied him.  
 In many important respects he has had to start life on the same level as the most primitive savage. No

**Communications**  
 Get the Dog Poisoner!  
 To the Editor:  
 Much is said at this time every year about poisoning dogs and other cruel, heartless mistreatment of dogs, but the worst sort of friendliness was disclosed to the Jackson County Humane society Sunday, when one of the residents of our city brought his dog to the shelter for treatment by Dr. Horr, our veterinarian.  
 The dog, Rough, is a little wire-haired terrier, black and white, closely resembling the toy dogs found on Christmas trees for children. When Rough was carried in to the examination room he was only able to wag his tail feebly in appreciation, and upon examination Dr. Horr found that some person had poured sulphuric acid on poor little Rough's back, burning him terribly. We all know how serious and painful even small burns are, and Rough's back is so badly burned that his condition is crucial and even if he recovers it is doubtful if his woolly white coat will ever grow back.  
 This afternoon I went to the shelter to see Rough. He was lying in his bed on his side, basking from head to foot, and when I spoke to him he seemed so grateful, although he could

**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  
 April 13, 1922.  
 (It was Thursday.)  
 Sheriff Terrill discovers that third necktie party of season was held last week, and allied Jacksonville chicken thief was victim. County jailer "captured" by masked band, and forced to attend "hanging."

Medford citizens of C. of C. forum discuss "advantages of establishing city-owned and operated auto camp." Councilman Keene opposes plan on ground "Nobody pays my hotel bills when I go to Portland."

Patty Arbuckle, film comedian, acquitted in 30 minutes of manslaughter charge by San Francisco jury.  
 Portland ball team loses another game.  
 Property owners, observing clean-up week, requested to pile rubbish in parking space, not on sidewalks.

Ruch farmer outraces bull to fence.  
 TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY  
 April 13, 1912.  
 (It was Saturday.)  
 Race for county judge grows heated, with main battle between George Dunn of Ashland and "progressive" wing of Medford.

North Atlantic shipping menaced by unusually large number of icebergs in lanes of ocean travel.  
 Roosevelt captures Pennsylvania delegation from Taft.  
 "Courthouse gang" assailed in Ashland Tidings editorial.

Sams Valley farmers behind with their plowing.  
 Jackson County Tax Protective association to "look over all candidates."

**LOGGERS JOIN PLEA FOR IMPORT TAXES**

PORTLAND, April 13.—(AP)—The L.L. organization has added its voice to those petitioning for an import tax of \$5 a thousand feet on all lumber entering the United States.  
 In a communication to Senator Steiwer a group of Portland locals of the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen declared that unemployment "which has now lasted for more than two years, and is getting worse all the time, is causing serious distress to lumber workers and their families."  
 Reject Pittman Proposal.  
 WASHINGTON, April 13.—(AP)—The senate foreign relations committee today rejected, 11 to 8, the Pittman resolution proposing to ask for an interpretation from other signatory powers of the meaning of the Root protocol for American adherence to the world court.

**STOP The Penalty of GRAY HAIR**

Gray hair handicaps you socially and in business. It is free from this penalty. Thousands are successfully using Nourishine—the time-tested tonic which imparts a natural appearing color, its use cannot be detected.  
 It is easy to apply, absolutely safe and produces certain, uniform results. The one liquid formula for color, brunette, brown or blonde. Nourishine will make you look 10 years younger.  
 The tonic-like qualities of Nourishine cleanse the scalp and remove dandruff. Conditions the hair for a better performance of its natural function. Try this inexpensive method, \$1.25 per bottle at drug and department stores.  
 For better results use Nourishine Shampoo. Contains no acids that hinder the action of Nourishine. Price 50c. Nourishine products sold under quantity of satisfaction or money back.  
 Write for our free book, "Care of the Hair." Nourishine Mfg. Co., R. W. Brown Bldg., Los Angeles.  
 New Package Adapted October, 1931

**TROUSERS SIGNAL RURAL TRAGEDY**  
 WOODSTOCK, Ill., April 13.—(AP)—There was a story of tragedy in the mail box near the home of Lizette Furney, 65, yesterday.  
 Around the box was a pair of trousers and the rural mail carrier, making his regular rounds, knew it was a signal that something was wrong.  
 Hurrying to the house he found the woman had been burned to death.  
 Her two brothers, both blind and deaf, sensing that she was on fire, were helpless to aid her because they could neither see nor hear, and so draped the mail box with the trousers to attract attention.  
 Eagle Creek—Plans made for repair of Main Eagle bridge.

**Nervous? Appetite Lost? Weak-Run-Down? Indigestion? Gas Pains?**  
 You get your money back if TANLAC fails to help you!

"AFTER everything failed," writes Mrs. T. H. Bayes, of Minnesota, "along came Tanlac and easily and quickly ended 20 years' stomach suffering. Now I don't know what it is to have an ache or a pain."  
 For more than 18 years Tanlac has been giving relief to sufferers throughout America. More than 100,000 endorsements from every state testify to its merit. More than 55 million bottles have been used. That's why we guarantee you relief—or your money back! Don't experiment with something unknown and untried. Rely on

Tanlac, the marvelous combination of tonic elements that strengthens your nerves, tones your stomach, improves your digestion, enriches your blood. Tanlac is harmless. It agrees with the most delicate system. The medicinal value of its ingredients is recognized in the U. S. Pharmacopoeia. Tanlac is the private formula of the Pharmaceutical head of a great university. Big, economical bottle sells for very little. Take enough for a fair test and if you are not rewarded by a new appetite, stronger nerves, restful sleep and new energy you may have your money back. At your druggist's.

**Tanlac THE NATION'S TONIC**  
 OVER 55,000,000 BOTTLES USED  
 Tanlac deserves your confidence. A registered pharmacist prepares every bottle.

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