

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
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Editorial Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, April 30.
—Another short bargain trip on the S. P.—not a pleasure jaunt this time. Sixty-four passengers on the Shasta out of Medford and a few more at Ashland. Rosey who rode to Ashland declared this number was less than the cent-a-mile expectations. But 64 is better than 4 these days of empty coaches and Pullmans.

Speaking of Pullmans when will the Pullman company tumble to the bargain day idea. For our party of three the Pullman fare is exactly twice the railroad fare, which is hard to swallow. As a result over half the passengers were in the day coaches.

They might try a bargain day on the diners also. For orange juice the charge is 25 cents for which one can get a good meal in Los Angeles. We have never understood why diners at such prices should lose money. But Rosey maintains they do—and all ways here. Must be some leak somewhere, or merely a method of book-keeping.

Have just discovered what the "B" stands for in A. S. Rosenbaum. It is service with a big S. Rosey left at Ashland and at the top of the Siskiyou the English steward in the cafe car, bowed low and announced a cold supper was ready to be served. We ordered none but Rosey had— it was all on the S. P. and most excellent, including a box of candy for the young lady. Gracias Rosey!

Nice weather and a very comfortable night. Thanks entirely to the Mail Tribune, the engineers on the Shasta division no longer try to knock the passengers out of their berths as they back and fill. Everything smooth and salubrious. The country very beautiful now, hills vivid green, and dotted with wild flowers—blue gold and terra cotta. Near Martines a hobo fire in the sea of the cliffs, one member with a looking glass propped against a tree stump, shaving himself with great care. "Weary Willie" a la mode!

The bay chock full of warships—the greatest concentration of the Pacific fleet in history, they say. A pretty sight and thrilling too. A sour faced man on the ferry boat, apparently suffering from a cold in the head, remarked as he shrugged his shoulders and turned up his coat collar "that's where our tax money goes—a billion dollars floating right there and a \$10,000 bombing plane could sink the whole outfit." He must be a reader of Brother Brisbane's column.

U. S. navy launches take visitors out to the fleet from 1 to 5 p. m. free of charge. Private tubs and tugs take them out every ten minutes for 50 cents per. Here is one example of government ownership and operation beating competitors. The private launches looked for the world like the old Coney Island clam-bake hulks that used to mosey up the Sound on week ends.

We chose a navy launch attached to the dreadnaught West Virginia and went out in style with a natty midshipman in charge and white-capped bluejackets as crew. Getting to the launch, however, was like getting to an S. P. train after the big game at Palo Alto.

What idiots we humans are in a crowd! Such needless pushing and pulling and jamming—the mob spirit ruled whenever a launch came in. We delivered a lecture to three rough-neck kids who were needlessly jamming the wind out of the young lady of the party—in our best editorial style—and the young lady in question who is not easily intimidated, slapped one of them right smart, her eyes blazing. The latter outburst was more effective than the editorial style, the one who got slapped was so surprised that he drew away and let us through, his mates giving him the merry "Ha-ha."

What wonderful things these warships are and yet when the millions and millions they cost is figured one wonders where all the money goes. It was plainly evident that our jolly tars lead neither a very exciting nor romantic life during times of peace. Many of them were sleeping in the sunshine, sprawled about on the deck in various recumbent and semi-recumbent positions. Others were polishing brass, scrubbing the decks and painting. Painting it seems is a perpetual occupation—each ship being painted entire every week. At least this is what one of the bluejackets told us with a straight face, but knowing how they love to "kid" landlubbers, perhaps. Ye editor was being "strung." They were baking apple pies in the pastry kitchen, and we were shown in the mess shop where there were enough beavers hung up to make Emil Peck dizzy.

The big guns were tremendous things and one speculated what a shell to fit such giants would do to Market street.

Most interesting were the two submarines—B2 and B3—visitors being allowed to crawl all over them inside and out. How they ever get recruits for this service is beyond the editorial "We." Like living in a manhole and sleeping inside the hood of a twin-six automobile!

We crawled down three flights of stairs, squeezed through the engine rooms, looked out of the periscope, and through the torpedo tubes. One of the bluejackets was working on a torpedo—said it didn't work right, one left over from the war. Wouldn't keep a straight line at the proper level underwater, so he was trying to find out what was wrong.

Today

By Arthur Brisbane
Wear Your Rubbers.
Two Bombs, Far Apart.
Few Resist Death.
Alice Is Here.

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President Hoover and Governor Roosevelt, who may be competitors next November, had a very pleasant talk when the president invited twenty-two governors to dine with him at the White House.

If a friend leaves Mr. Solly Wertheim, owing him money, Mr. Wertheim always says "Don't forget to wear your rubbers."

President Hoover probably did not advise Governor Roosevelt to wear his rubbers, but no doubt Governor Roosevelt would be the president's favorite competitor at the coming election. Those who understand politics, and former Governor Smith's friend all know why.

Two bombs attracted attention Friday. One in Shanghai, thrown at a parade in honor of the Japanese emperor's birthday. Some Chinese thought the parade was being held in the wrong city. The other bomb, verbal, was thrown by Bishop Manning of New York, at Governor Roosevelt. Bishop Manning wants to know why Governor Roosevelt does not bring "corruption in the government of New York City."

Columbia university will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of Professor Dodgson who wrote "Alice in Wonderland" and signed it "Lewis Carroll" thinking it too undignified for a professor of mathematics. Sometimes undignified things are more important than others. The learned Dodgson will be remembered for his "Alice" not for his books on Euclid.

Mrs. Hargreaves, the original "Little Alice" for whom the book was written, now 80 years old, comes to celebrate the anniversary of one who made her famous.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, learned head of the university, will address and congratulate Mrs. Hargreaves. He might speculate on the strange things that she will see when she goes "through the looking glass" and into that greater "wonderland" on the other side of the grave. What kings and queens will she find there, what arrangements that will seem topsy turvy to her?

In Eddyville, Ky., authorities were prepared to kill three negroes in the usual easy, peaceful way. Two of the condemned accepted their fate peacefully, but Walter Holmes decided that life was worth fighting for. It took the officers an hour and a half to force him from his death cell to the electric chair.

He stabbed one, beat others with an iron pipe, and tear gas was needed to subdue him. He finally walked to his death smoking a cigarette.

This is news because it is unusual. Men die, usually, as quietly as sheep, playing their parts submissively in arrangements that have been made.

This writer has seen two men guillotined in Paris, five hanged in New York City, two killed in the electric chair. No protest or struggle by any.

In old days when Britain wanted to impress and suppress barbarous tribes of the Khyber Pass, or fussy wuzzles anywhere, it was necessary to send men marching over sand and rocks, offering good targets to savages.

Recently the British have sent armor clad tanks impervious to all savage devices, and airplanes, dropping bombs that frighten with their noise, tear gas that terrifies with its strangeness, and when necessary machine gun bullets.

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 MODERN MEDICAL MIRACLE
Ten or fifteen years ago this patient could not have made such a recovery without undergoing the hazard, a real hazard at that age, of surgical tonsillectomy.

Even today a good many regular physicians and throat specialists would offer such a patient no alternative to the old Spanish custom.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Good Idea From Good Book
One of your correspondents asked if rooking a baby while nursing would interfere with the baby's breathing.

Nearsighted
I am very nearsighted, have been wearing very heavy lenses for fifteen years. Recently I have heard there are exercises which will strengthen the eyes and enable one to discard glasses.

"What Fools We Mortals Be."
James R. Bancroft, president of the American Institute of Finance, issued an statement in a plain, pungent and penetrating, which might be given the caption of "The American Boob."

INDEPENDANTS TO ENTER CAMPAIGN IS LATEST RUMOR
The balance of power, along with the Bourbon vote in this city. The country's democracy is stronger than at any time since Wilson kept the country "out of war," but not enough to cut much of a swath.

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Many Medford Lodges Date From Early Days

(Ed Note: Medford history compiled by members of Greater Lake chapter, D. A. R., continued from last Sunday.)

South J street be called Oakdale. When he lived in Rockford, Ind., he lived on Oakdale avenue and his place of business was on Main street so he felt quite at home when the council decided that he might still live on Oakdale avenue and do business on Main street. The name Oakdale had already been given to the southwest section of Medford by those who were building there, because of the beautiful oak trees to be found near the end of the street.

The question of lighting the city was rather serious for a few years but May 18, 1894, an ordinance was passed by the council, the first section of which read: "J. C. Baird and his assigns are hereby granted the right and privilege, and are hereby authorized and allowed to erect, maintain, operate and use, in, upon and over the streets, alleys, public parks and public grounds of said town of Medford, poles and wires used in connection with or as a part of electric lights and power works of said J. C. Baird and his assigns for the purpose of conducting electricity over said wires." In April, 1900 the city purchased the light plant from A. A. Proudford for \$8400 and for a number of years the city operated its own electric plant south of Main street on the west bank of Bear creek.

In 1903 the Condor Water and Power company dam was built at Gold Bay and the city entered into an agreement with that company to furnish electricity for the city. In 1912 through a merger of numerous smaller companies the California Oregon Power company was incorporated and the city entered into a new contract with said company which is still in effect.

When the town was first platted the streets running parallel with the railroad were lettered and the others numbered beginning at the north side of town. In 1908 the Greater Medford club started a movement to have the latter changed to the names of trees, the initial letter being the same as the original name. This was done and hence Bartlett, Fir, Holly, Laurel, etc. Harry Wortman Sr. was the first physician to open an office in Medford. Doctors R. P. Geary and D. W. Nelson came soon afterwards and Dr. Pickel in 1888. Dr. Odgers, father of Mrs. Leon Haskins, was the second dentist. Dr. O. F. Demorest being the first.

Lewis Doren and Ida Caldwell were married July 31, 1884, and this was the first wedding in Medford. One of the Crystal children has the honor of being the first child born in Medford.

Local merchants to observe "Prosperity Week." Shortage of labor reported for irrigation ditch and farm work.

11,303 voters registered in Jackson county.

Valley Investors interested in a beautiful tropical island off the coast of Mexico, "where the fishing is fine and every prospect is a delight." Choice tracts for "those who love to live."

Students of Roosevelt school give May Day play. Miss Pauline Johnson is a Fairy, Gordon Kerah was a Brownie and Edward Kelly was Jack Spratt. Helen Pierce was the Queen and Delilah Stevens was "Tallien Isenhart."

SENIOR CLASS PLAY IN HI SCHOOL AUDITORIUM
The high school auditorium has been selected for the showing this year of the senior class play, "Adam and Eve," by Batten and Middleton, on Friday evening, May 6, at 8 o'clock. The humorous events in this three-act farce center around a wealthy man's decision to forget his family and go on a vacation.

Outstanding actors in the class have been selected for the roles, and an exceptional showing is expected. Tickets are on sale at Gardner's drug store, The Toggery and the senior high school.

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Opposite Holly Theatre

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Ye Smudge Pot

A lively Californian is reported in our midst, with a lot of cheap California money, which he threatens to spend, in one way and another, gosh darn him!

Boys will be in charge of the city government for a day. The cheaters at marbles, will have to "divert" the loot the treasury, and "divert the sewer fund" and "rob the property owners" on West Hogwash street in that length of time.

All doubt about the state having a business administration, as alleged, was removed Thursday, when the bulk of money for new roads, was ordered expended where the votes are thickest and crasiest.

Clitza Shimoda, 8, is making good progress with his school work, and next year will be allowed to use ink, when he has some writing to do.

The traffic lanes are getting cluttered up with new autos and baby buggies, and many of the infants are wearing nothing much but a G-string, so Old Sol can get a good crack at them with his vitamins and violet and henned rays.

Several candidates have announced their election, but our masters will go right ahead and spend the money for the election just the same.

Flaming youth is flaming again, and as near as can be determined, all were set afire by their parents, or themselves.

C. Von der Helten, the eminent country-jake towned again Fri. and saw nothing about dirt and grim disaster, and a low price for asparagus.

Flowers and flower thieves are blossoming.

Some of the womenfolks are flaunting sleeveless prints for spring, as look nice.

PREJUDICE CLAIM UNSUPPORTED IS RULING BY JUDGE

(Continued from Page One)

affidavit in conjunction with Fehl. The court holds the "evidence is preponderantly against" Abrams and Everhardt, "and it must be assumed they are mistaken, as both are honest and truthful men."

The defense claimed the conversation occurred during the trial, March 7; the plaintiff, that it occurred after the trial, March 13.

That affidavits of Darrell Huxon, candy store operator, and Mrs. Carrie, an employee, and O. L. Parker, music teacher, show alleged prejudicial statements of Mrs. GeBauer were made after the verdict, and therefore are not a bearing on the verdict, and that the alleged prejudicial statements of Mrs. GeBauer were made "after reading a bitter attack in the Daily News which she regarded as an attempt to intimidate the jury."

Complaint Right Waived
That charges of Attorney T. J. Enright of alleged misconduct of the jury, and "boobing with plaintiff's attorney," should have been filed with the court at the time, and by failure to do so he "waived the right to complain afterwards." That Mrs. GeBauer's shaking hands with Parr, after the verdict, was "custom" and that the jurors were necessarily thrown into innocent contact with attorneys and spectators, which had no bearing on the final decision.

Mee Qualified Juror
That "no proof is submitted to show that Anderson Mee was not a qualified juror, and the fact that he resided a few feet in Josephine county, when he thought he resided in Jackson county," is not grounds for a new trial or his disqualification.

The court sets forth that Oregon law prohibits the court from determining whether or not a damage verdict is excessive and that it "would be an arbitrary and capricious view for the court to assume it had." It is further held that it is within the province of the jury to administer a stern rebuke when a newspaper prints charges not sustained by the truth.

The court declares it has no way of determining whether or not the jury resented the two chief imputations of the libelous article. The branding of Parr as a "murderer," and "urging mob violence and lining up of officers without trial, to see if their heads would stand a few soft-soled bullets."

Press Comment

"What Fools We Mortals Be."
James R. Bancroft, president of the American Institute of Finance, issued an statement in a plain, pungent and penetrating, which might be given the caption of "The American Boob."

In old days when Britain wanted to impress and suppress barbarous tribes of the Khyber Pass, or fussy wuzzles anywhere, it was necessary to send men marching over sand and rocks, offering good targets to savages.

Recently the British have sent armor clad tanks impervious to all savage devices, and airplanes, dropping bombs that frighten with their noise, tear gas that terrifies with its strangeness, and when necessary machine gun bullets.

Something worse has been devised, "the voice from the sky," an apparatus in an airplane that will multiply the human voice three million times.

It will talk and roar in the language of the barbarians that are to be frightened, warning, exhorting, and you can imagine how it will impress them.

Jenkins' Comment

(Continued from Page One)

that in all the years he has worked with it he has given away about three times as much as he has sold. And his vision of a new grass that would revolutionize the livestock industry of Southern Oregon grew.

THE story of pea bulbos is interwoven inextricably with the story of Charlie Hoover. One is incomplete without the other. And the story of Charlie Hoover is the story of a man with a great vision and a deathless enthusiasm.

It will be told in some detail in the next installment of this column.

THE balance of power, along with the Bourbon vote in this city. The country's democracy is stronger than at any time since Wilson kept the country "out of war," but not enough to cut much of a swath.