

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry
Times are so tough, that a shortage of good honest scandal is being felt in the city.

There was a day of prayer Fri., and it was the unanimous opinion of the uptate press, that this county area needed prayer. It has never become infatuated with half-baked Populism, like the area around Salem.

A movie actor from Hollywood was here the 1st of the week, and attracted no more attention than a load of hay. He admitted considerable prominence, but many had never heard of him.

John F. (Jack) Morrill of Honolulu is visiting his old friend, H. D. (Johnny) Reed, JP., and stirring up the dust on the roads around Gold Hill.

Statesmen from the rural areas met Thurs pm. at the Bill Gore bank loan-to, and discussed all problems but their own.

The river is full of fish, for the first time in seven years, but as yet there has been no wholesale dropping of everything to catch one.

Ed White forgot the economic stress Wed. and cackled a bit of deep laughter. Who will be the next to smile unconsciously?

F. Weeks is still laid up and down with a broken picnic. Better luck next time, Frederick!

The first spell of haying is over, and there will be no danger of rain until the second cutting is mowed.

A number of the Older Girls report that their casts have scratched them on the arms. They just will not wear long sleeves, so will have to pay the fiddler.

Social lions have started wearing white duck pants, starched stiffer than a board. This increases the visibility of the wearer, and causes him to duck faster than usual.

The lack of money continues something awful, as nothing else matters. Many who have been unable to find work are figuring on a trip around the world, and may be able to work their passage. They can take their money with them on the globe-trotting, but not on their last trip.

The Carpenter Boys have disappeared as completely as the kidnappers of the Lindbergh baby. Corb Edgell is seen occasionally, in the midst of a respite from toil.

Newk Carlton was here last week, and went out to Ed Carlton's orchard and sent a telegram to NY over his own wires, which he paid for. His local hands gave him wonderful service, as they did not know who he was.

The fecy of Labor has advised parents to keep their kids at home, as the chances of starving to death are no better elsewhere.

The presidential campaign has started in the Bates Chinwhackery, and the cut-throats are up to their old trick of putting a cold towel over a Democrat's mouth, and then driving home some hot Republican facts. We would like to see a woman who could win an argument from James Bates, without crying.

Pop Gates reports that the new 4d-V-8, and once in a while one escapes.

Abe Cunningham is selling some for hatches, on what he calls a low-down payment.

The hot weather that was needed for the home-brew, is not doing any better job of it than the cold weather. It may be that the fault lies with the brewer.

The 835 horn is again bleating in the vesper hour traffic.

The Opposite Sex are flustering their umbrellas in the public eye. The nose peels worse than any other member.

Valley cucumbers are beginning to get their growth, and it is doubtful if this unpopular vegetable will sell any better than in the good years. The cucumber is famous for its coolness, but of late has been hotter than a taxpayer. The new taxes last Tues. failed to please everybody.

Will the Democratic Party Split?

THE democratic convention's two-thirds rule is one hundred years old. It was first adopted at the instigation of Andrew Jackson in 1832. Innumerable attempts have been made to repeal it since then, but all have failed.

We are inclined to agree with Alfalfa Bill Murray that should the Roosevelt forces succeed in eliminating this rule at the opening of the convention on Tuesday, and such action result in the nomination of the New York governor, the Democratic party will be split wide open, and a Third party formed.

SUCH high handed action on the part of the Roosevelt forces, would be particularly repugnant to the Democratic rank and file. In spite of the formidable array of votes held by the New York governor, there is a strong, and we believe perfectly sincere, belief among Democratic leaders, that ROOSEVELT IS THE WEAKEST CANDIDATE THEY COULD CHOOSE.

Being forced to accept him, by the repudiation of one of the party's most cherished traditions, would fan the Roosevelt opposition into a white heat, and alienate thousands of Roosevelt's nominal supporters.

Moreover the abrogation of the two-thirds rule, would in all likelihood, force the abandonment of the unit rule, another fundamental convention principle, deeply grounded in precedent and sentiment.

In other words, success of the Roosevelt coup d'état, would bring the fundamental structure of Democratic procedure, down in utter ruin. The rank and file of Democracy would never stand for that.

A DEMOCRATIC revolt headed by a fire-eater like Alfalfa Bill Murray, might not amount to much as far as the country is concerned, but it would AMOUNT TO ENOUGH, to ruin Democratic chances in the fall.

Under such circumstances we believe the ultimatum of Roosevelt's convention manager, James A. Farley, should be taken with a grain of salt. It is a fairly safe bet that his insistence is essentially strategic—for trading purposes only. When he has received all he thinks he can GET on the plea of saving the party, we predict the two-thirds repeal demand will be abandoned just as it has been abandoned in every Democratic convention, since 1832.

And the Democratic convention will then proceed to go on and select its presidential nominee, as it has in the past, under the two-thirds and unit rules.

Who Will the Nominee Be?

WHO will the nominee be? Hard to say. But not so hard to say who the nominee WON'T be. It won't be Al Smith—that is as certain as anything in politics can be.

Nor will the nominee be Roosevelt, unless he wins on the first ballot. So if anyone wishes to engage in anything as futile as political prediction, the best bet would lie in the direction of a horse so dark, that the Smith and Roosevelt forces could agree on him.

Who is he? Where is he? Ritchie of Maryland? Baker of Ohio? Byrd of Virginia, Garner of Texas, Traylor of Illinois? Just as easy as choosing the winner in the Calcutta Sweepstakes! But the darkest brunette is the one to pick. For after this Smith-Roosevelt endurance contest is over, no gentlemen in that convention hall is going to prefer blondes!

Why Not Will Rogers?

IT IS hard to tell what the Democrats WILL do, but it isn't hard for the Mail Tribune to tell them what they SHOULD do.

If they want, not only to win, but to do their country a great service at this time, they will nominate Will Rogers. All right,—that's a joke of course, and only an excuse for the badge-plastered delegates to get a big laugh.

But it's really no laughing matter. And the Mail Tribune is not advancing it in a jocular mood at all. Believe it or not—WE MEAN IT!

If Will Rogers should be the Democratic nominee, the Mail Tribune would support him until the cows come home. We believe he would give the people of this country the two things they want and need,—a complete change and a good laugh.

We also believe Will Rogers has more common horse sense, and more genuine statesmanship in his make-up, than both houses of congress put together.

We honestly believe that under present circumstances, he would not only make a good President, but a superior one. We believe his nomination and election would do more to shake this country out of its slough of despond, scrape the barnacles off the ship of state, and start Uncle Sam on the road to reconstruction and prosperity, than any action, discernible on any political horizon.

Will Rogers would bring the "change" so desired, but it WOULDN'T be a change from the frying pan into the fire; it would be a change from confusion, dissension and befuddlement, to sanity, rationality and good humor.

Regardless of politics or platforms, isn't that what the country really NEEDS,—needs more than anything else at the present time; and needs more acutely than ever before in its history?

Officers of the state organization who will be present are E. U. Walker, president, of Gresham; E. F. Brown, vice-president, of Independence; F. M. Hayes, secretary, of Portland.

Summer School For Fox Raisers Plan For July 3

A one-day summer school of the southern Oregon Fox and Fur Breeders' association will be held at the fair grounds at Grants Pass Sunday, July 3. An all-day session will be held. There is a large membership in southern Oregon. J. E. McCracken is president, William Ogg, vice-president and Mrs. Harry Stumbo of Leland, Ore., secretary.

Relief Bill to Conference

WASHINGTON, June 24.—(AP)—The house today sent to conference with the senate the \$2,300,000,000 Garner-Wagner relief bill.

Today

By Arthur Brisbane
Whirling Round the Sun. Clamoring for Beer. Much in 1000 Words. The Great Treasure, Fire.

We know how the world around us looks. How do WE look to one of the cosmic beings, that, presumably, surround us in space? He sees our sun, a small star one million times smaller than some other suns, rolling in its mysterious journey toward the great star Vega above our heads.

If he had a very powerful telescope, with microscopic attachment, he might see us and our little worlds, bridges, houses, canals, railways, banks, prisons and libraries.

Looking even more closely, to read newspaper headlines about things that interest us, he would say "queer little creatures."

All over this country, the cosmic eye would hear men clamoring for beer, with August A. Busch of St. Louis, Colonel Pabst and the Uhllein brothers of Milwaukee, and Jacob Ruppert, of New York offering to spend twenty million dollars on new equipment, and hire thousands of men.

Imagine his surprise when told: "No, it helps them NOT to think, and that is what they want, in a world of worry."

Concentration on beer would interest the observing mind in America, and concentration on gold in France, that well managed country has more gold than it has ever had in its history, more than ONE HUNDRED PER CENT OF GOLD BACK OF ITS CURRENCY.

The alderer spirit, asking the French: "Why your violent interest in gold? You can't eat it," would be told: "No, but with it we can buy things to kill our enemies."

Our cosmic visitor, compared to whom the greatest mortal would be, in the language of the English scientist, "Like a black beetle compared with God Almighty," would see a collection of human microbes gathered in Chicago, seeking somebody fit to run for president.

In far away Siam he probably would find the pleasant little King Prajshihop and his family held prisoners by rebels on a warship, the king wondering why he went all the way to America to have cataracts taken from his eyes, if he was to behold the end of Siam's monarchy.

Rebels, probably, will not harm the royal family. Unlike the French and Russians, Siamese look on their royalty as worker ants look up to their queen.

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.

OUR IGNORANCE OF PHYSIOLOGY IS NOT THE TEACHER'S FAULT. For the past two years, writes our high school teacher reader, I have had between forty and fifty boys out every night for almost three months.

How is it that "old grads" who have achieved some eminence in sport are privileged to return to high school and help boys through the football course, whereas graduates who have succeeded as engineers, professional artists and the like are never permitted to come back and help the boys and girls through chemistry or algebra?

Don't Keep a Gargle. President of what purports to be the largest drug store in the world informs me that the gargle which is recommended for sprouts and stings, to prevent huskiness or hoarseness, for which the store has a considerable demand, does not keep well.

REYNOLD'S AFFECTION. Stenographer, 26. At times my fingers, one or two sometimes and all of them other times, become numb. They turn white and the nails look purple or almost black.

Today's Guest Editorial

The Mail Tribune, thanks to the courtesy of the American Legion, is printing a series of guest editorials written on important questions of the day by prominent citizens in various walks of life.

PREPAREDNESS AN OBLIGATION

By REV. JOHN E. SHEA, Rector, Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Shawnee, Okla.

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, to establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this constitution for the United States of America."

Concerning which George Washington, our first president, stated: "I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of party-taking, in the midst of my fellow citizens, the habit of being a free government—the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual care, labor and dangers."

From the above one naturally concludes that citizenship in this country is a gracious inheritance or gift and sacred, and that its obligations are all-inclusive, from the national capital to the humblest home.

The United States is not, never has been, and never will be an aggressor nation; nor will this government as constituted, ever be oppressive of men's rights or another nation's honor.

Press Comment

"The Humbled Folk" The Portland Journal has made the belated discovery that "many public officials use personalities, commercialism and politics to bunk the people" citing as an instance: "Take the telephone agitation a few years ago by the city hall shortly before and during a city election campaign. A 25 per cent cut in phone rates was ordained in an ordinance passed by the city council.

There is nothing new in this. Most of the utility bailing is merely political hokum to secure publicity and a free through appeal to prejudice. The Portland phone cut ordinance was only a political gesture and became a scrap of paper because utility rates have to be based on cost of service instead of council ukase, and the Journal knew its futility when it championed it—for popularity.

As the Journal says "pretending to be for abolition known to be after election, talking loud for public consumption and doing little for the public weal, mixing personalities, commercialism and politics wherever they can be used to humbug the folks—this is the process in many a case and it's a curse to our public affairs"—but the Journal has some-thing to add in its along with the politicians.—(Salem Capitol Journal)

MEDFORD GETS DAY OF PRAYER. An evangelist from L. A. has gotten the mayor of Medford to endorse a day of prayer for the people of Jackson county, appealing to God to end the depression, there. The lady preacher has gotten the army donated for the event and all the preachers in town are invited to attend though the chances are that none of them will risk their reputations as makers of divine favor in such an enterprise.

All we know about Jackson county is what we read in the Medford papers; and from that we judge no county in the state needs to be prayed for oftener and longer than the denizens of that portion of the state. Not that we think it would do any good; because from the news reported in the Medford press that county is beyond redemption. The county doesn't appear to be suffering as much from depression as from the expression.

The Medford News, edited by L. A. Banks who tried to barnstorm his way into the senate from this state two years ago, has a front page column written by L. A. B. himself entitled "Once in a While." But that "once in a while" is a daily diatribe against the numerous villainy in Medford officialdom, and Jackson county "gang rule."

Los Angeles seeks to get the Lord indicted in ending unemployment in Medford as the work in a few words of plea for restoration of brotherly love and starting the flow of milk of human kindness in the beautiful city on Bear creek. We refuse to believe the residents of Jackson county are as depraved as they are painted. They have just let themselves get worked up into a hysteria of suspicion and prejudice. Maybe the emotional drunk of an old-fashioned revival would serve to change the mental strain the pear growers are laboring under.

But we'll be watching for the results of this day of prayer. It it works in Medford it ought to work elsewhere. It would be cheaper than The Statesman plan, too—Salem Statesman.

Oregon Indians' Condition Today

Written by Mrs. R. C. Van Valzah and read before Crater Lake Chapter D. A. R. (Note—Since this article was written there have been before congress several bills relating to Indian affairs in Oregon, which when passed and put into effect will change many of the conditions mentioned.)

CHAPTER III. The wealth of the tribal lands of the Klamath consists chiefly of Ponderosa pines and grazing lands. The valleys have good hay fields for winter feeding, making it an ideal stock country. The Indians live much as they did a hundred years ago in tents and teepees. Some have houses but as a rule they prefer the open camping life they have always known.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County) History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 29 and 10 Year Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY June 26, 1922. (It was Sunday) No one wants to run against Sheriff Terrill, in Klan recall election.

Mayor Gates mentioned as "independent candidate for governor" in fall, refuses to talk. Rate of interest on farm loans reduced.

More equipment secured for Ashland playground. Mrs. J. M. Koene returns from trip to Portland.

Pioneers warned not to pack off fawns they find in the woods. Transients relieve local labor shortage.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY June 26, 1912. (It was Wednesday) Valley Republicans join Bull Moose movement, with Roosevelt for president.

Dick Slinger's auto loses encounter with locomotive at Jackson street crossing. Three passengers escape, scared but unharmed. Bryan delivers six-hour address at Democratic convention at Baltimore.

Colony club holds a garden party at the Daggett ranch. Scotch dialect entertainer guest of Greater Medford club. Sudden rain drenches valley.

"Ten-day sale" of The Toggery lasts 14 days. Many new Fourth of July suits noted on streets.

150,000 years ago. Think of our progress in that 150,000 years. We crept slowly upward. People learned to read and write. Machinery was invented, gunpowder discovered; books were printed. How slowly we crept along, taking our own leisurely time to this development. Consider the Indian. It is some 300 years since he came in direct contact with the white man and his ways.

We say he is lazy. Haven't we white people that can make the same charge against? Is he shiftless? Is he ignorant? Can't we make the same complaint of a large class of white people? The bright senior in the university will make the same complaint of the kindergarten child. The kindergarten needs training and teaching and time in which to make the grade. The Indians granted training and teaching and time makes a citizen comparable to any white. Neither the kindergarten child nor the Indian is lacking in mentality nor native ability but must have the right environment, the right encouragement and good teaching or they never arrive.

Jenkins' Comment

(Continued from Page One) the weaver. The weaver will buy wool from the buyer. The buyer will buy from the sheep man. And when that begins to happen, business will get back to normal, just as the old woman got home by midnight.

Good grades of lumber at cut prices. Medford Lumber Co.

The best clear Cedar Shingles, \$3.00 per 1000. Regular \$4.00 shingles. Medford Lumber Co.

COME TO SEATTLE Center of the Greatest Playground of the Northwest HOTEL ASSEMBLY 9th & MADISON EL 4174 3 E A T L E AMPLE PARKING Quiet location yet close to Everything Rates from \$1.25 Per Day American Plan—\$2.00 to \$3.00 Per Day Beautiful Dining Room and Coffee Shop Samuel B. Christie, Manager

Room with Bath one Person \$2.00 Room with Bath two Persons \$2.50 UP THESE ARE THE new LOW rates AT THE IMPERIAL HOTEL Broadway & Stark PORTLAND, ORE. The HOUSE of PERSONAL SERVICE