

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Published by Daily Mail Tribune Co. 23-27-29 N. W. 8th St. Medford, Ore.

Subscription Rates: Daily, per month, \$3.00; per year, \$30.00.

Official paper of the City of Medford. Official paper of Jackson County.

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Fehl Better Keep Still!

OUR advice to Judge Fehl is to keep still. The place to try his case is in the courts not in the newspapers.

Just as long as he persists in making statements to the press, calculated to gain public sympathy and prejudice prospective jurors in his favor, just so long will he be answered—and the answers, we fear, will do him no good.

HIS first public statement following his arrest, charged with complicity in the theft and destruction of ballots, reads in part as follows:

"I deplore the wanton killing of one of the best and most honorable peace officers that Jackson county ever had—George Prescott. . . I have always stood for justice and law enforcement through the orderly process of a democratic form of government."

Could a more brazen contradiction of sentiments and actions be imagined!

Judge Fehl "deplores" the wanton killing of one of the "best and most honorable peace officers that Jackson county ever had,"—he characterizes the cold blooded murder, as "wanton"—that is needless, malicious and criminal.

Yet what did he do when he saw more clearly than any other person in Jackson county, that the murder he so deplores was "in the cards"?

What did he do when his closest political crony, his intimate friend, the man he consulted with day and night, called George Prescott a "bandit"?

What did he do when that same man threatened to kill George Prescott or any other peace officer who tried to arrest him? What did he do—where WAS he—when the "best and most honorable peace officer Jackson county ever had" fell with a bullet through his heart, while in the performance of his legal duty?

JUDGE FEHL deplores that "wanton murder" NOW. But he never deplored the criminal activities of the man who committed that murder; he never deplored the campaign of falsehood, blackmail and slander that resulted in that murder. He never deplored the statements in that same man's newspaper, that the "show down" had come, that "blood would flow."

NOT ONCE, in the sequence of those tragic events did he ever interpose an objection, ever raise a hand of warning, nor when that same man cried out for "revolution," did he sit on the same platform, a member of the same organization which by its silence sanctioned that seditious statement, ever UTTER A WORD IN PROTEST.

Judge Fehl not only did nothing to prevent that wanton sacrifice of an innocent,—and at the time—a DEFENSELESS man's life, but for months before the tragedy he contributed night and day to the campaign of discord and dissension, of vilification and hate, which caused it. He not only did nothing to oppose the spreading of poison by the slayer's newspaper, but he contributed to it, in his own newspaper, and when L. A. Banks' paper ceased publication, he ALONE was responsible for its continuance.

But now he deplores the killing of George Prescott, he deserts the man who made him county judge, and brands his former co-worker a wanton murderer!

"They have sown the wind and they shall reap the whirlwind!"

But not Judge Fehl. His hands, he claims, are clean. His conscience clear. Others may have outraged justice and defied the law. But he . . .

"has always stood for justice and law enforcement through the orderly process of a democratic form of government."

Always is quite a long time. When only a month ago Judge Fehl stood on the platform of the Armory and before an enthusiastic meeting of the Good Government congress, declared:

"I am a member of this organization—I joined it the day after I was here before and talked to you. . . And why? Because I thought it was an organization in the interest and the upbuilding of better government here . . . and I hope this organization will go on and on until it sweeps every county in this state and every state in the union."

Was that standing for justice and law enforcement through the orderly process of democratic government?

That organization had already advocated "ropes and nooses"—at that meeting at which Fehl made this statement it defied the law regarding the recall; only a week later, the court house was broken into and ballot boxes burned, and before another month had passed, that organization's president had taken the law into her own hands with a horse whip and its provisional president and official spokesman had wantonly shot down in cold blood "one of the best and most honorable peace officers Jackson county had ever had."

But Judge Fehl—by his own declaration a member of that organization—has always stood for justice and law enforcement, through the orderly processes of democratic government! Such a statement would be ludicrous were it not so brazen and tragic.

AND now indicted for complicity in one of the most lawless acts ever committed in the history of Southern Oregon—an act outraging every principle of "democratic government and its orderly processes,"—Judge Fehl in this official statement broadcasted to a waiting world says:

"As to the charge against me, theft and destruction of the ballots, I state that this charge is a gigantic political frame-up to rob me of my position as judge of Jackson county."

"A gigantic political frame-up!" How familiar that sounds. Another conspiracy, another miscarriage of justice, another robbery on the part of the gang!

In one sentence he deplores the killing of George Prescott, and condemns the slayer. In the next he resorts to PRECISELY THE SAME PHRASES, appeals to the same prejudices and passions, employs the same psychology, that more than any other one thing, CAUSED that tragedy!

L. A. BANKS shot and killed George Prescott because HE claimed he was the victim of a gigantic political frame-up to rob him of his rightful property. Now Judge Fehl would make the people of this community believe there is no justification for this indictment against him, no truth in the charges filed,—that he is merely the victim of a gigante political frame-up to deprive him of his judgeship. There is just as much truth to one claim as to the other. Both are absolutely false, and everyone who knows anything about this deplorable situation in Jackson county knows both are false.

JUDGE FEHL may or may not be guilty of complicity in this theft and destruction of the ballots. That is something

for the courts,—and only for the courts to decide.

But this much is CERTAIN. There is no political frame-up involved one way or the other—gigantic or not gigantic. Politics has nothing to do with it. Judge Fehl's position as county judge has nothing to do with it.

DIRECTLY after a meeting of the Good Government congress in the court house, which Member Fehl attended, the court house room vault was broken into, ballot boxes were stolen, and destroyed,—as a result Sheriff Schermerhorn who opposed the recount was allowed to retain his office, ex-Sheriff Jennings who demanded the recount, was forced to relinquish the office.

WHO STOLE THOSE BALLOTS, WHO ARE THE MEN RESPONSIBLE, DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY FOR OVERTURNING THE ORDERLY PROCESSES OF A DEMOCRATIC FORM OF GOVERNMENT BY FORCE?

That is the question—and that is the only question!

It is a matter of evidence, a matter of proof, a matter of what is true and what isn't. It has nothing to do with politics, nothing to do with who is or who isn't county judge, it has solely to do with who framed this plot to overthrow popular rule in Jackson county and who carried it out.

If Judge Fehl is innocent of any connection with that crime, he can prove it at the proper time, before a judge and jury, in the regular way.

Until then like any other accused man, he is entitled to the benefit of the doubt.

But when he tries to evade his moral responsibility for the seditious and inflammatory campaign which resulted in a crime that "shook Jackson county to its foundations"—

When he tries to make the people of this community believe that his arrest as a suspect in the theft and destruction of the ballots, is merely a political frame-up to rob him of his position as county judge,—

HE TRIES TO DO SOMETHING THAT CAN'T BE DONE! He prejudices his case from the outset, as far as the informed, right thinking and law abiding people of this community are concerned.

We repeat, our advice to Judge Fehl is to keep still, until the cases in which he is a defendant are cleared up, in the proper way.

The fewer public statements he makes like this one, the less he attempts to try his case in his, or any other newspaper, the better for himself and the better for all concerned.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.

signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to disease diagnosis or treatment should 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.

MORE ABOUT ANHEDONIA AMERICANA

Anhedonia is a name a French psychologist gives for incapacity to enjoy life or to be happy. I said the near-adjacent because I believe anhedonia is typically American and we shall see why presently. Although it was a psychologist who invented the name, I beg to point out that anhedonia is a question principally of physiology—of healthy, hearty business, love, how to have a dominating personality.

In the succeeding talk we shall analyze anhedonia and see just what it is composed of.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Getting a Handicap. I am quite so short of breath when going up stairs or walking. I am 24 years old, 5 feet 3 inches tall and weigh 175 pounds. —Mrs. L. R. Answer:—It would make almost anybody puff some to tote a 20 per cent handicap around all the time. Send a stamped envelope bearing your address, give your age, height, weight, and ask for instructions for reducing. No reduction advice unless I believe the correspondent should reduce.

Rope of Any Other Color Would Serve As Well. I have heard through doctors and others that a black stocking around the neck is good for sore throat and colds and that a black thread around the neck will prevent sore throat. —W. H. R. Answer:—Go along with you, no real physician ever told you any such thing. At that a hemp rope around the neck, drawn quite tight and kept so, will cure almost anything.

Complicated Arithmetic. Please note carefully the error made in the enclosed editorial which quotes you in reference to the effect of alcoholic beverages on persons who drive automobiles. Somebody's arithmetic was wobbly. —W. F. Answer:—If you're telling me, an automobile traveling at the rate of 30 miles an hour goes 44 feet in a second. A glass or two of wine, beer or what have you slows the reaction time from the normal one-fifth second to nearly four-fifths second. That would let the machine go another 20 to 30 feet before the intoxicated driver (intoxicated in the scientific sense, if not in the vulgar sense) could apply the brake or swerve out of the path of danger. I can't guarantee the arithmetic but I do guarantee the physiology. (Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)

DEED OF BANKS SHOCKS NEIGHBOR NEWSPAPERS

A newspaper, with policies dedicated by a man of unscrupulous or unprincipled character, or perhaps with a mental quirk which gives him a distorted view point, can be an exceedingly dangerous man.

L. A. Banks without a "mouthpiece" to reach into the homes of Jackson county, could not have wrought the damage which has been done in Jackson county. Without a medium of reaching into the homes to carry his doctrine of hatred and distrust, L. A. Banks would have been unable to

gather around him misguided men and women who have become "Banks devotees."

Without the strength and confidence which he likely believed existed among his followers, L. A. Banks would probably have thought a bit longer before he took aim and shot an officer through the breast and became a killer.

Every man and woman who was in misdirected sympathy with Banks, who was constantly appealing for sympathy, charging others with every

fault of which he himself was guilty, must bear a certain responsibility for the killing of George Prescott. Those who gave Banks their unlimited support are the men and women who gave him the sense of power which enabled him to deliberately take a human life.

Unfortunately Banks controlled the policies of a newspaper and so could spread throughout the county the disturbing policies which brought internal strife. He had an idea he was being persecuted. Day after day his paper was filled with distorted statements. News was forgotten and only the building up of a Banks' following was seemingly considered. News items were editorialized until it was difficult to get an unbiased report. Headlines on outside press items were written seemingly with a view toward directing public opinion rather than recording facts.

The damage has been done. George Prescott, charged dead, L. A. Banks is a killer. His 12-year-old daughter sobs as her father and mother are placed in jail. There is no halo of glory around the killer. He becomes a fearful creature who valued human life, and yet men and women supported him and gave him the sense of backing and security which at least made him a killer and brought grim tragedy—Ashland Tidings.

Banks Makes Good His Threat L. A. Banks of Medford killed his man.

Banks made good his threat of bloodshed, his declaration that he would not submit to arrest. The feud in Jackson county came to a bloody climax yesterday when Banks killed an arresting officer, Constable George Prescott. His antipathy to Prescott dated from the time several weeks ago when Prescott served attachments on the paper stock in the place of the Medford News, then operated by Banks. The latter poured editorial vitriol on Prescott for his seizure of the paper stock, attributing his action to the attempt of the "gang" to put him out of business.

The Jackson county discord had simmered recently since Banks lost the News to former owners, and since some 15 of his followers were arrested on charges of ballot theft. It was when the grand jury returned the indictments and service was attempted that Banks defended himself in his home by shooting the process-server. While state police swung into the city to preserve order, the situation there is still volcanic, with possibility of further violence.

To considerable extent the civil strife there is a product of hard times. Bank was a man of means, a fruit operator on a big scale. He was heavily involved and could not realize enough on his assets to meet his obligations. From the time he entered the publishing business he manifested symptoms of delusion. He ran for the United States senate against Charles L. McNary, denouncing the federal government particularly for what it did to pear-growers in its horticultural control. He built up the journalistic bogey of the "Medford gang," including in it all who crossed his purpose. He rallied to his cause hundreds of people who cher-ished similar bitterness against conditions or against individuals. His frequent phrase was a "breakdown of law and order"; another "rocking Jackson county to its foundations." Clever in his use of words and with scant regard for news accuracy he fomented the discord through the columns of his paper, creating and fostering a division which has culminated in civil strife and bloodshed.

Banks was long the butt of general ridicule over the state. His parodies on reality were so preposterous to be wholly unconvincing to those at a distance accustomed to appraise the printed word. But the jest turned to earnest as the situation grew more tense; and for weeks there has been fear that open strife might ensue.

The condition illustrates however the social instabilities which prevail in these unsettled times, even in a community so fine and intelligent and usually so prosperous as Jackson county.—Salem Statesman.

Violent Words Led to Violent Deeds. Medford's troubles had to end that way, didn't they, in murder?

If, indeed, Medford's troubles have come to the end, which is problematical in the extreme.

It's a witches' brew they have been distilling these many months in the Bear Creek city. And it's a stroke of fate that the hatred of that broth spilled over in the gunfire of the man who had stirred it, instead of some moron whom he had inflamed.

But it is the greatest pity that the warmly-loved Officer Prescott had to be the one to fall. And if ever a man had a moral right to return death for death, Officer O'Brien had it when he shot the high-powered bullet sprayed him with the blood of his friend.

Every story has its climax. The story of life has many. The climax is the solution to the troubles and the strife and the triangles of fiction, and then follows quickly those words "The End." But in life a climax is not really an ending. It is just the prelude for another climax—a danger later on.

Words of violence in Medford and broadcast over the countryside have led to their climax in violence itself. What will the climax of violence be? We can only wait. But while we are waiting we can reflect that the Medford editor had all his aspirations within his grasp a dozen times if he had stuck to legal means to win the power he wanted. But he couldn't wait for laws and elections and orderly procedure, and he defied the courts, which now will have the job of giving him a trial before a jury of his peers.

What must be the chagrin of the better of his followers who now can realize the sort of leadership they allowed to guide them?

If only all were cured, the sacrifice would perhaps be the easier to bear. But all are not cured, for there are those in the lower strata of the "Good Government" group to whom the rashest act does not go far enough.

So it may not be the climax for the Medford situation. Nobody knows. But it is very likely is the climax for Mr. Banks.

Oregon has capital punishment, and if it comes to that, Banks still has a climax in store for him. But we cannot imagine a more deadly, sinking feeling of climax than looking through one's window and seeing a body in a widening pool on the front porch floor. —Grants Pass Courier.

Too Bitter Medicine Another dose of bitter medicine has been applied to the disorder from which Jackson county has been suffering. Again it appears that the medicine might do the patient a great deal of good, but this time the taste was too bitter. To apply the medicine George Prescott, for years one of Medford's favorite law enforcement officers, had to give his life. The tragedy should have had shock enough to cure any community, no matter how badly feud-ridden.

The slayer was Llewellyn A. Banks, a rable-rousing leader of the so-called Good Government congress, the man who set himself above all the southern Oregon courts, the apostle of suspicion, hatred and discontent.

According to reports received here yesterday by the state police, George Prescott was shot down, without warning, on the front porch of the Banks' home. In company with a state officer, Prescott had called to serve a warrant for Banks' arrest. Mrs. Banks answered the door and, as she stood, wittingly or unwittingly as a shield, Banks fired from behind her. The bullet killed Prescott. Both Mr. and Mrs. Banks were taken to jail, the former to face what almost turned out to be a lynching. Officers got back away to Grants Pass where the state has been thanking his God or his Good Fortune that there are other officers besides the one he killed.

The pity of the story is that Banks was not put away some months ago. Prescott was too good a man to waste that way. Another pity is that Mrs. Banks has been caught in the whirl of circumstance set in motion by her husband. A third person so caught is the Banks' little daughter. All this could have been avoided. But it takes a tragic climax to clear up such a situation.

Besides forcing authorities into belated action toward removing the leading trouble-maker from the Jackson county scene, the tragedy ought to sober the larger share of Banks' followers. If enough of them come to their senses, the lesser leaders will be powerless and the county will presently settle down to its former peace. If so, George Prescott's death will have served some purpose, even though it seems a cruelly unnecessary sacrifice.—Eugene News.

An officer of the law pays the supreme price for the neglect of the better element in Jackson county to assert itself in support of constituted authority. For many months a mad man, a comparative new-comer to the state, has been permitted to employ the columns of a newspaper to turn a peaceful community into a veritable factional hell.

Every newspaper editor to whose desk came the Medford Daily News realized the mental condition of its editor, L. A. Banks. Such ravings as came from his pen could come only from a mind apparently suffering under a dangerous hallucination.

Every community has its malcontents, ever ready to follow where trouble leads, and why this apparently maniacal editor was permitted to go on day after day and month after month in his deliberate effort to incite trouble—to set faction upon faction, to rekindle old feuds and make new ones, until he utterly destroyed the peace and happiness of an enlightened community, finally terminating in murder of an officer in the performance of his duty— is more than one at this distance can understand.

Banks and his followers seemed to have the same and substantial element in Jackson county buffeted into impotence. He screamed in every issue of his daily sheet that law and order had broken down in Jackson county. And it had—with Banks himself the prime instigator. He defied arrest, openly issued threats, advocated revolution, branded the bar association as an illegal legal trust; the grand jury as corrupt. No judge could satisfy his ideas of justice. He sought to set up his own kingdom through terrorism. Only that was just which favored the side of Mr. Banks.

That the thing led to murder is but the expected sequence. It was bound to happen.

If some one was to be killed as the result of the activities of Banks, it was fortunate the prime disturber was the one to commit the deed. His act is the supreme and final evidence that he, himself, was the arch-conspirator against law and order through the months of turmoil. Had one of his misguided followers been killed, Banks would have had new inflammatory fuel had he been the one to shoot his follower. He would have made a hero of him. Now he is eliminated as a cold-blooded murderer of a peace officer in the performance of duty.

The tragedy may tend to have a remedial effect upon the deplorable situation in Jackson county. But human life is a heavy price to pay for the failure of law-abiding citizens to rise up in arms against the menace. A future with a newspaper, in a dangerous combination, especially when discontent is rife and easily aroused. This man Banks has left to Medford and Jackson county a legacy of hatreds at home and a reputation abroad from which it will not recover in long years.—Oregon City Enterprise.

The End of Banks

The reformers in Medford finally wound up by committing murder. The rule is that the professional reformer feathers his own nest by fair means or foul, but they do not often become so lost in the exuberance of their own delusion to commit murder.

Editor Banks of Medford was the spark that kept the fires of animosity burning in Jackson county. He accused everybody in authority who wouldn't knuckle to his fantasies of every sort of crookedness and had so worked upon the Jackson county yokelry that he had an amazing following. We take no slam at Jackson county. The same thing would happen in any other county with the same kind of leadership. There is always a bunch of morons and disgruntled, intolerant and envious who are ready to believe any kind of a disparaging story and may be told about anybody, and if the person the stories are told about is fairly success-

ful in his business or in politics, they are all the more ready and anxious to believe anything that may be said about him. Envy loves a shining mark and the brighter it shines the greater the envy. And so, Banks and his deluded followers hated everybody who was successful or who held public office. Banks offered to correct the ill of the world by offering himself upon the altar of politics. He wanted to replace Senator McNary. He got quite het up because this coil laughed at his idiotic platform. Well, the voters didn't take advantage of their opportunity to save themselves, and Banks was defeated. This convinced him of the further fact that the "gang" ran things all over the state and in Jackson county in particular. So, he organized the disoriented in Jackson county and elected his own county judge. He was so indignant when the rest of the county officials would not resign. He wanted the district judge to resign. He insisted that the district attorney should resign. There was no "justice" in Jackson county and would not be until Banks and his dupes had placed their own and themselves in the public offices. We have seen that sort of delusion before.

Well, it looks as though the justice Mr. Banks has been demanding was about to arrive in Jackson county. It may require a change of venue to get it, but it would seem an open and shut case against Mr. Banks, with the open end of the noose staring him right in the face. Too bad people have to be so foolish. It took the life of an innocent man, a worthy citizen performing his duty to put Banks where he will no longer be a menace to the community. It was too much to pay, but sometimes there is no other price. Banks had prophesied that there would be bloodshed in Medford. Perhaps he thought he had to make good on his prophecy. Except for the fact that the affair was so tragic, it would have been a good Gilbert and Sullivan comedy, for all the fuss made by Banks and his credulous, fantastic fanatics, was a temper in a small teacup for there is nothing the matter with Medford, Jackson county, nor the public officials down there, outside of Banks' own imagination. —Corvallis Gazette-Times.

Much undesired sympathy will be given L. A. Banks, Medford editor, who shot and killed George Prescott, Medford constable, Thursday. The lunatic fringe which always supports anyone who howls loudly about "justice, freedom and personal rights" are apt to make a martyr out of Banks after the fashion of Mooney's semi-defecation and the elevation of the late Ben Bolhof to heroism. The truth is Banks shot an officer discharging his duty and thereby flaunting law. If such actions are to be countenanced all freedom and all government by law is endangered.

Having known Mr. Banks personally and having been entertained in his home, makes it possible for us to explain why Banks acted as he did. It does not make it possible to do his action or to wish that the law would be other than swift and unrelenting. Banks is a rather bright man, beloved by the small coterie which are from time to time his friends. He is unfair in his judgment, and governed by prejudice, hatred and incompleteness. His action has not only taken the life of an innocent man performing his duty; it has done irreparable harm to himself and to his wife and to the community in which he lived.—(Shelton P. Sackett, in Coos Bay Times.)

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 March 20, 1923 (It Was Tuesday) Five families who have been stopping at the free auto camp for three weeks told to move on.

F. Roy Davis is named fish commissioner by Gen. Pierce, causing great political consternation among the fishermen.

Road to Jacksonville is plowed up, preparatory to paving, and traffic is routed by the southern route.

C. C. civic dinner is huge success.

New regulations for use of city water for irrigation are announced, and described as "injustice."

Clare (Tulle) Williams named All-State basketball guard, and is his Paw proud.

C. C. membership passes the 400 mark.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY March 20, 1903 A. C. Allen, who owned the first auto ever brought into valley, is fined \$1 for speeding on Main street.

Court Hall writes a two-column article on the Bud Anderson-K. O. Brown fight and thinks Bud is being re-matched with Brown too soon.

Local suffragettes start campaign of education.

Young hoodlum falls off high sidewalk during fight, and breaks leg.

"Oil and water" a biograph at the Star; "Alone With the Prince" at the Isis, and "Slipped by Destiny" at the Isis.

Phone 342. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

Broken windows glazed by Rowridge Cabinet Works.