

**MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE**  
 "Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"  
 Daily Except Saturday  
 Published by  
 MEDFORD PRINTING CO.  
 15-17-23 N. W. St.  
 ROBERT W. PUBL. Editor  
 An Independent Newspaper  
 Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.  
 SUBSCRIPTION RATES  
 By Mail—In Advance  
 Daily, one year.....\$2.00  
 Daily, six months.....\$1.10  
 Daily, one month.....\$.25  
 By Carrier, In Advance—Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and Union Gap.  
 Daily, one year.....\$2.00  
 Daily, six months.....\$1.10  
 Daily, one month.....\$.25  
 All terms, cash in advance.  
 Official paper of the City of Medford.  
 Official paper of Jackson County.  
 MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS  
 Receiving Full Licensed Wire Service  
 The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or otherwise credited to this paper and also to the local news published herein. All rights for publication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.  
 MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS  
 MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS  
 Advertising Representatives  
 M. C. MOULDER & COMPANY  
 Office in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.  
 MEMBER OF THE  
 EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION  
**Ye Smudge Pot**  
 By Arthur Perry.  
 Hostilities are herewith resumed upon this front, after a three weeks' truce, enjoyed alike, by gentle—and savage—readers. The depression, with its efficiency and economy, and committees—the three evils being worse than the depression—is near its finish, nationally, and most of the civic woes will be but memories due to a self-appointed and self-anointed martyr, soon becoming a number. It is always sad to see a man to go to prison, but, as a rule, the inmates insisted upon their own fate, by continued dramatic posturing against constituted authority, until the patience of the law was exhausted. Much of the three weeks' respite was devoted to gazing at the backs of lawyers' necks, which reddened often—not from shame—but, because the witness gave the wrong answer. In the same period, Justice and Truth, long delayed, made a return to this sorely pestered area. Both always win. All should hope that hereafter, the all without the necessity of an overtime session, to prove, if crushed, they can rise again. Most of the trouble has been due to paranoid lying and politics. The dynamo of the paranoid lying will be housed, in due season, where its circulation will be limited, and colonial epigram is not coded. Lying is an outdoor and indoor sport—frivolous the most fitting—will no longer be considered mentally cute. If there is any way to banish politics and its hellishness from the county it should be done forthwith, and thus give somebody a St. Patrick, besides Ireland. The results of the last election, proclaimed at the time, as an act of God were not worth the ensuing turmoil and tragedy, as everybody knows now, but that is the community can now return to normalcy, and cease trying to follow the cigarette ad slogan, viz: IT'S FUN TO BE POOLED.  
 B. Telfer Pymale has grown into long pants on Sunday, and is full of blis.  
 Plans were made for the waterer road, which was held Saturday at Kelly Springs, or no rain, as nothing stops a girl except a blizzard. (Morrow County News) —Passing comment upon the ruggedness of the weaker sex.  
 It still appears that the inflation of the dollar should be confined to the dollar, and not those who have more than one of the same.  
 The Young Democrats of Lane county held a meeting last Saturday night, and most of the Young Democrats present were old enough to be lifelong Republicans, disgusted with the late Hoover administration.  
 An organization of Bird Lovers and Sparrow Haters, will be formed soon here.  
 "Orville Mitchell is short a horse that drove a spike into his foot." (Paisley Items)—Serves him right for letting a horse play with a hammer.  
 Fine cussing weather prevails, if there was any hay down. Farmers are worried, as usually at this time of the year, they have some hay down for the early June rains. And unless the clouds roll away, they will not be able to have the first cutting of alfalfa ruined by the June rains as in previous years. Another chronic fear is also weak in the knees. This is the season of the year to become frightened about the lack of irrigation water in August.  
 A Vancouver editor does the right thing by an officer he had called "a defective on the police force." A "defective on the police force." A "defective on the police force." A "defective on the police force." (Detroit News)—Probably right the first time.  
 Grover Sheldon and family left Sunday in their big Hudson car for a trip and a two months' visit to the old home in Ohio. These visits, when one has plenty of relatives, are really a well worth-while affair. (Humboldt Standard)—The depression has increased the sociability between kin, and is OK, if one catches them all, before they all depart on a visit to your house.  
 ETHELWYN B. HOPPMANN would enjoy the privilege of correctly guessing you in either a 1 or 2 piece garment priced as low as \$3.75.  
 Mrs. M. E. Russell and Mrs. Mary E. Luckuck. S. T. Magnetic Healers and Scientific Massage, are now located at 305 East Jackson.

### Support the Gleemen

WE HAVE been asked to give the Gleeman's concert at the High School auditorium a boost, and gladly do so. Under the leadership of Jim Stevens, this local organization is doing good work, and if properly supported will play an important part in our civic life during the ensuing year. The Gleemen are devoted to harmony, and everyone knows Medford and Jackson county need harmony. If popular support is forthcoming, the organization will tour the county and furnish music for the joint meetings of the local chamber of commerce, and the various county granges.

AS everyone knows music doth soothe the savage breast. There may not be many savage breasts to soothe, but good songs can contribute materially to promoting friendliness and good will, along the highways and byways, which we all desire. The gleemen can also demonstrate to our rural neighbors, that in spite of reports to the contrary, business men of Medford don't all wear horns and tails. The concert will be given on Thursday night. Jim Stevens will sing and the entire program will be an enjoyable one. Those who attend will not only hear a good concert, but will have the satisfaction of doing their bit, to promote a commendable effort, and support a worthy cause.

### The New Deal

THE first card played in the New Deal is a high one—none other than the King of Diamonds, one J. P. Morgan, son of Wall Street's "Gay Ninety" Czar.

His appearance shows the Roosevelt deal IS a new one. For hitherto J. P. has been the last to come forward in any congressional inquiry. Now he is the first.

Moreover according to press reports, Mr. Morgan took his seat in the committee room, smiling. Mr. Morgan seldom smiles. And as a witness, he proceeded to talk, and in public at least, the head of the House of Morgan, seldom talks.

Just what Mr. Morgan will say, and what the revelations of the inquiry will be, it is too early to state. But the fact that he will say something, and smile saying it, is first page news.

From a Wall Street standpoint the new deal is certainly on!

### The Job Must Be Finished

A GREAT battle for justice has been won. But this is no time for the law abiding people of Jackson county, to lull themselves to sleep with the false assumption that the war FORCED UPON THEM is over, and there is nothing more to be done.

No issue is settled until it is settled right. And the supreme issue in Jackson county will not be settled right until those guilty of perjury are punished, and those guilty of stealing and destroying ballots in the last election, are put in prison where they belong.

STRANGE as it may seem the forces of lawlessness, led by the apostles of continued dissension and strife, are not repentant, nor have they reformed. They are amenable neither to reason nor persuasion. The handwriting is on the wall, but they either can't read it, or refuse to.

As one of them remarked in Eugene the other day: "We have just begun to fight!" All right,—so be it. The fight is not of Jackson county's choosing, but if nothing less will satisfy the forces of violence and lawlessness, then by all means let them have it.

Perhaps a few more prison sentences for leaders and members of the Good Government congress, will accomplish what appeals and arguments these many months have failed to accomplish.

IN bringing the guilty to justice, the law enforcement officials of Jackson county will have the right-thinking people of Medford and Jackson county solidly behind them. The people of Jackson county don't want more trouble. They long for harmony and peace—they want to get back to work and get the maximum benefits from the return of normal prosperity, that is on the way.

But bringing the guilty to justice, restoring respect for the law, and upholding the basic principles of an orderly democratic government, in this section of the state, does not represent "trouble" to them.

It represents a solemn and inescapable civic duty, WHICH MUST BE PERFORMED!

### Editors in Comment on Verdict in Banks Case

The Verdict. Llewellyn A. Banks is guilty of second degree murder. Edith Robertine Banks was not guilty of any complicity in the killing of George Prescott. This was the decision of jurors who spent three weeks listening to such evidence as state and defense present. Banks fired the shot which claimed the life of George Prescott—but jurors by their second degree verdict revealed their belief that the killing was not premeditated.

Whatever may be our personal opinion of the guilt of Mr. and Mrs. Banks, a jury has passed judgment and we have insisted that Mr. Banks abide by the decision of courts so must we find satisfaction with the verdict.

The jury has decided that the killing was not premeditated—but we all know that bloodshed had impended for weeks as the strife in Jackson county had become more and more bitter. Perhaps the killing of George Prescott was unpremeditated—but bitterness and hatred which never should have existed, bred that emotional tension which was climaxed by the killing of George Prescott for murder the jury has decided it was.

Obsessed by the idea that there was little good in this world—that individuals and groups were personally antagonistic to him, Banks permitted his imagination to feed his hatred. He used his newspaper for personal grievances. Unfortunately, there were men and women who rallied to his support because he made his plea of persecution sound convincing—and the support they gave

### 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.

#### THE TWENTY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR BABY

A newspaper editor who comes as near being a friend of the conductor's as is possible in the circumstances, had another baby a while ago and, as a mark of esteem as well as for the benefit of our readers, we permit him to give the low down about the event here. In case you skipped it, perhaps thinking it was not quite proper reading, I'll say this professional woman set a fine example for a lot of fellows by (a) remaining at home for the delivery of her baby (b) engaging the family doctor as obstetrician and paying him \$35, his ordinary fee, (c) engaging a nurse for two weeks at \$35 a week, and (d) providing the necessary articles together with clothes for the baby at a total cost of \$350 (she made most of the things herself, or used old things given by friends or made her clothes cast off by an older child). The editor now has a choice A-No. 1 baby.

Well, this report naturally upset some of the snob slaters, if you know what I mean. If you don't listen: Dear Dr. Brady: Here is the other side of that story you printed on the Cost of the Editor's baby. . . . I followed all the instructions of the doctor. . . . I only wanted that baby. . . . Well, I had the baby at one of the best hospitals in (a large city), also a leading specialist. . . . as well as day and night nurse for five weeks. . . . Instrumental delivery. . . . returned in six months for repair operation. . . . also infection from a hypo. . . . day and night nurse again for four weeks. . . . Cost of baby? \$275 to obstetrician; \$150 to surgeon for operation. Each nurse \$9 a day plus \$1.50 a day for her board. Other hospital fees, room, etc., and an extra girl to do housework for a year. . . . Total about \$2,500—and we had counted on \$500. . . . But we have a lovely daughter. . . . Had this mother added to her final

the playing of Prescott and Mrs. Banks was party to the plot. The defense utilized the same tactics that Banks had used in his newspaper attacks, and resorted to perjury, appeals to class prejudice and the slandering of the best citizens of Jackson county. The attorneys rehearsed the abuse, vilification and misrepresentation that characterized the ravings of Banks in his own newspaper.

The defense raised the plea of emotional insanity. . . . His attorneys, however, chose to exonerate his every act and picture him as a hero leading the hosts of righteousness against a wicked world—a martyr in a holy cause. So with every trick of legal trade they sought to defeat justice. . . . Inane or not, however, Banks has proven his unfitness to be at large, and belongs in permanent confinement for the safety of society.—Salem Capital-Journal.

State hospital authorities are relieved that they will not have to accommodate L. A. Banks, whom they feared would be a "problem child." . . . James Lewis, warden of the state penitentiary, will treat Banks as just another inmate. . . . Lewis isn't bothered by prisoners' psychosia, neurosis or whims. . . . he sees they are well fed, kept clean, warm and at work. . . . trouble-makers are placed in solitary until they quiet down, then sent back to the back block with among their prison fellows.—Cooch Bay Times.

The Banks Verdict. The Banks jury arrived at a just verdict when it convicted the former Medford publisher of second degree murder for killing Constable George Prescott and absolved Mrs. Banks of responsibility for the crime.

Banks committed a deliberate murder, but he was not abnormal enough to exempt himself from the law. He acted in sympathy with his fanatical husband. Instead of pointing out to him his folly, she encouraged him in his madness. But she cannot be held justly as a participant in the crime. Banks made his first mistake when he embarked on his career as a publisher. He possessed the type of mind that barred him from successful newspaper work. He lacked mental poise and judgment. He was not able to distinguish between the seeming and the actual. This lack of mental balance caused him to use his newspaper to fight his personal battles—a fatal error. A newspaper must be more than a personal organ, if it desires to win influence in its community.

As Banks continued to use his editorial page for himself, he created a bitter opposition to himself and his newspaper. Banks' mental equipment was such that he interpreted this hostility as the work of scheming enemies. Thus his mind became obsessed with the thought that he was the victim of an unjust persecution waged by the enemies of good government, whose only champion he was. It was this frame of mind that led him into trouble.

Yet, in spite of his erratic temperament, Banks was a man of a great deal of ability. He possessed a striking personality. He had the essentials of leadership. With him and his lieutenants, good government meant political victory, regardless of the means taken to achieve victory. The ballot theft to him, was a righteous move, because it would continue his men in office. Banks never appeared to understand that good government depends on observance of law.

The only good that has come out of the Banks newspaper ownership

remark a few more words I'd feel some hope that she will not be such a mark next time. But she did not say the lovely daughter is worth all she cost.

I know of several excellent physicians in various parts of the country who attend their own patients in confinement for a minimum fee of \$35, and the best physicians everywhere accept an average of \$50 for uncomplicated cases.

In my judgment it is merely a desire to show off, to put on airs, to keep up with the Joneses that makes a lot of snob slaters run to obstetric specialists and baby specialists, and fancy day, night and special nurses, and all the rest of the humbug that these ritzy so-called hospitals market to the gullible population. Mind, I am not implying that obstetric or baby specialists, special nurses, and the like are never needed. I merely say that in my opinion, anyone who engages the attendance of these expensive servants without being advised by his family or regular physician that it is necessary is a plain what I can't call him in print, or a snob, usually both.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Halibut Oil in Summer. Is it all right to take cod liver oil during the summer months?—J. A. P. Answer—Yes, if you don't mind. Halibut liver oil is even better as a vitamin carrier and should be cheaper. Save the Children. Your opinion of Toxin-Antitoxin as prescribed for school children en masse.—C. M. G. Answer—By all means give every child the benefit of this great prophylactic against diphtheria before the child enters school. One Drink Is Drunk. Here's a bit of news that should interest you. Please comment on it.—M. McL. Answer—Mr. McL. incloses a clipping which tells of a St. Paul municipal judge ruling that it takes only one drink to make an automobile driver drunk. Whatever "drunk" may mean within the Minnesota statute law. Scientifically, physiologically, it takes only one drink to make a glass of beer or wine slow reaction time measurably and that accounts for many automobile accidents. (Copyright, 1933, John F. Dille Co.)

A persistent search to find the theatrical flavor of the old Bartholdi Inn always ends in failure. It was chiefly dominated by acrobats, chorus chiefs and gentlemen of the ensemble. Respectable enough, there was a racy flavor of flippant patter that made it exciting. Its lobby was the last time I was there, freaked with the absurdity of a hand-balancer entering the elevator, feet in the air.

An accomplished snapper-up of time drifted in this morning to show he had mastered "Wait for the Wagon" on a jew's harp. I halted in mid-air, so to speak, patiently to listen and murmured congratulations. That encouraged him to show me how he could imitate a bull frog with the instrument, and he promises to be back in a few days to reveal the perfection of something even dandier—the cry of a cricket. Thus does the earnest struggle to exist become increasingly comic.

No one in the upper social realms so definitely embodies the refinements of aristocracy as Mrs. Vincent Astor. Of her guild she is most sensitive to limelight. She is gracious to society writers, but sidesteps interviews, and is perhaps the only owner of a parterre box at the Metropolitan who never occupies it. These observations were inspired by a department store sales girl who told me today that of all customers she waited upon, Mrs. Astor was the most considerate.

A few chairs removed from Edouard Herriot at a private dinner gave an excellent chance for a close-up of one who has been heralded as France's most indefatigable chain smoker. He lived up to his reputation, constantly swallowing billows of smoke and exhaling them with the ferocity of a snorting bull. While he smoked but a puff or two from each cigarette or cigar, he was forever lighting another.

Non-smokers, I suppose, tingle with self-righteousness in watching the other fellow's tirades on tobacco. For instance, I noted Aubrey Eads burnt up 16 between the arrival of coffee and time for a late movie. In one long up-grade of newspapering, a lobster trick as it is known in the trade, where I reported for work at 3 a. m. I used to limit myself to an even dozen before the several scalding cups of coffee that formed my 6 a. m. breakfast. After that brakes were off. And like every cigarette smoker, I thought every other smoker was smoking entirely too much.

Among golden wedding celebration gifts to the Charles M. Schwabe recently were a gold golf stick, a tele-

State prosecutors in the Banks trial at Eugene were successful in proving definitely that four persons claiming to be eye-witnesses of the Prescott shooting had perjured themselves on the stand. Although these four claimed to have seen the tragedy, all were forced to admit they saw no other person on the street. Some of them were proved to be at places far re-

moved from the Banks home at the time. Now what will be done with these people acknowledged to be guilty of perjury? False testimony under oath is punishable under the laws of the state by heavy fines and imprisonment. In all probability no action will be taken against them. As the editor of the Medford Mail Tribune points out, set-down, if ever, are such witnesses prosecuted.

Yet they have committed a crime who give false testimony. Although nothing is liable to be done in this case, it is well for witnesses or potential witnesses to keep in mind the seriousness of this crime. Sometimes, or other prosecution might follow and bring severe punishment.—Roseburg News-Review.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, May 23.—Central Park South, comprising two vast expensive blocks of recessive towers, has become the most urban and frisky strip in town. Much of celebrity glamour of the old Broadway Rialto has eddied there, and the late afternoon promenade is a sparkle of top-liners.

The rooms and hotel lounges echo with gossip of the stage and screen and many of the shoe-string productions in cubate there. Nobody knows the why of the sudden theatrical swing to the opera. Some say it began when porters started to ferret out Garbo, tilting a coyness among his spies.

Garbo living on Central Park South and the sheep came tumbling after Maurice Chevalier, too, gave a perk to its popularity. Also Robert L. Ripley, with his penthouse atop an athletic club, a gathering place for those of headline quality after the play. And Ward Morehouse's parties.

This afternoon I saw Daniel Frohman, as detached as a merman, idling in the cross flow. Blanche Yurka debouched from a taxi to be swallowed by Rumpelstiltskin. A group congealed at the curb even dandier Jack Lyell and Billy Gaston. Ans-helen Menken, a vision in green, spun outward through a revolving door.

A persistent search to find the theatrical flavor of the old Bartholdi Inn always ends in failure. It was chiefly dominated by acrobats, chorus chiefs and gentlemen of the ensemble. Respectable enough, there was a racy flavor of flippant patter that made it exciting. Its lobby was the last time I was there, freaked with the absurdity of a hand-balancer entering the elevator, feet in the air.

An accomplished snapper-up of time drifted in this morning to show he had mastered "Wait for the Wagon" on a jew's harp. I halted in mid-air, so to speak, patiently to listen and murmured congratulations. That encouraged him to show me how he could imitate a bull frog with the instrument, and he promises to be back in a few days to reveal the perfection of something even dandier—the cry of a cricket. Thus does the earnest struggle to exist become increasingly comic.

No one in the upper social realms so definitely embodies the refinements of aristocracy as Mrs. Vincent Astor. Of her guild she is most sensitive to limelight. She is gracious to society writers, but sidesteps interviews, and is perhaps the only owner of a parterre box at the Metropolitan who never occupies it. These observations were inspired by a department store sales girl who told me today that of all customers she waited upon, Mrs. Astor was the most considerate.

A few chairs removed from Edouard Herriot at a private dinner gave an excellent chance for a close-up of one who has been heralded as France's most indefatigable chain smoker. He lived up to his reputation, constantly swallowing billows of smoke and exhaling them with the ferocity of a snorting bull. While he smoked but a puff or two from each cigarette or cigar, he was forever lighting another.

Non-smokers, I suppose, tingle with self-righteousness in watching the other fellow's tirades on tobacco. For instance, I noted Aubrey Eads burnt up 16 between the arrival of coffee and time for a late movie. In one long up-grade of newspapering, a lobster trick as it is known in the trade, where I reported for work at 3 a. m. I used to limit myself to an even dozen before the several scalding cups of coffee that formed my 6 a. m. breakfast. After that brakes were off. And like every cigarette smoker, I thought every other smoker was smoking entirely too much.

Among golden wedding celebration gifts to the Charles M. Schwabe recently were a gold golf stick, a tele-

State prosecutors in the Banks trial at Eugene were successful in proving definitely that four persons claiming to be eye-witnesses of the Prescott shooting had perjured themselves on the stand. Although these four claimed to have seen the tragedy, all were forced to admit they saw no other person on the street. Some of them were proved to be at places far re-

OLD PEOPLE Live Longer at the CONVALESCENT HOME 133 Granite St., Ashland

CHRIS WOLFF. Phone 1385. FRANK HULL

Creates a "triple film" protection that keeps metal from flaking. It makes new cars retain NEW CAR PERFORMANCE.

MEDFORD OIL DEPO 207 So. Riverside—Front Sanderson Motor Co.

PHOTOGRAPH BY O. O. MCINTYRE

gram from Newton Carlton on gold paper, a gold lamp and a profusion of gold table ware. But what seemed to please the steel master as much as anything else was a package of appropriately named cigarettes from a treasured friend who had taken his licking in the market.

An air mail from G. A. in the deep south tells of his fear of a lynching. It seems a respectable white girl is about to be married to a banker. (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Yet they have committed a crime who give false testimony. Although nothing is liable to be done in this case, it is well for witnesses or potential witnesses to keep in mind the seriousness of this crime. Sometimes, or other prosecution might follow and bring severe punishment.—Roseburg News-Review.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, May 23.—Central Park South, comprising two vast expensive blocks of recessive towers, has become the most urban and frisky strip in town. Much of celebrity glamour of the old Broadway Rialto has eddied there, and the late afternoon promenade is a sparkle of top-liners.

The rooms and hotel lounges echo with gossip of the stage and screen and many of the shoe-string productions in cubate there. Nobody knows the why of the sudden theatrical swing to the opera. Some say it began when porters started to ferret out Garbo, tilting a coyness among his spies.

Garbo living on Central Park South and the sheep came tumbling after Maurice Chevalier, too, gave a perk to its popularity. Also Robert L. Ripley, with his penthouse atop an athletic club, a gathering place for those of headline quality after the play. And Ward Morehouse's parties.

This afternoon I saw Daniel Frohman, as detached as a merman, idling in the cross flow. Blanche Yurka debouched from a taxi to be swallowed by Rumpelstiltskin. A group congealed at the curb even dandier Jack Lyell and Billy Gaston. Ans-helen Menken, a vision in green, spun outward through a revolving door.

A persistent search to find the theatrical flavor of the old Bartholdi Inn always ends in failure. It was chiefly dominated by acrobats, chorus chiefs and gentlemen of the ensemble. Respectable enough, there was a racy flavor of flippant patter that made it exciting. Its lobby was the last time I was there, freaked with the absurdity of a hand-balancer entering the elevator, feet in the air.

An accomplished snapper-up of time drifted in this morning to show he had mastered "Wait for the Wagon" on a jew's harp. I halted in mid-air, so to speak, patiently to listen and murmured congratulations. That encouraged him to show me how he could imitate a bull frog with the instrument, and he promises to be back in a few days to reveal the perfection of something even dandier—the cry of a cricket. Thus does the earnest struggle to exist become increasingly comic.

No one in the upper social realms so definitely embodies the refinements of aristocracy as Mrs. Vincent Astor. Of her guild she is most sensitive to limelight. She is gracious to society writers, but sidesteps interviews, and is perhaps the only owner of a parterre box at the Metropolitan who never occupies it. These observations were inspired by a department store sales girl who told me today that of all customers she waited upon, Mrs. Astor was the most considerate.

A few chairs removed from Edouard Herriot at a private dinner gave an excellent chance for a close-up of one who has been heralded as France's most indefatigable chain smoker. He lived up to his reputation, constantly swallowing billows of smoke and exhaling them with the ferocity of a snorting bull. While he smoked but a puff or two from each cigarette or cigar, he was forever lighting another.

Non-smokers, I suppose, tingle with self-righteousness in watching the other fellow's tirades on tobacco. For instance, I noted Aubrey Eads burnt up 16 between the arrival of coffee and time for a late movie. In one long up-grade of newspapering, a lobster trick as it is known in the trade, where I reported for work at 3 a. m. I used to limit myself to an even dozen before the several scalding cups of coffee that formed my 6 a. m. breakfast. After that brakes were off. And like every cigarette smoker, I thought every other smoker was smoking entirely too much.

Among golden wedding celebration gifts to the Charles M. Schwabe recently were a gold golf stick, a tele-

State prosecutors in the Banks trial at Eugene were successful in proving definitely that four persons claiming to be eye-witnesses of the Prescott shooting had perjured themselves on the stand. Although these four claimed to have seen the tragedy, all were forced to admit they saw no other person on the street. Some of them were proved to be at places far re-

OLD PEOPLE Live Longer at the CONVALESCENT HOME 133 Granite St., Ashland

CHRIS WOLFF. Phone 1385. FRANK HULL

Creates a "triple film" protection that keeps metal from flaking. It makes new cars retain NEW CAR PERFORMANCE.

MEDFORD OIL DEPO 207 So. Riverside—Front Sanderson Motor Co.

PHOTOGRAPH BY O. O. MCINTYRE

gram from Newton Carlton on gold paper, a gold lamp and a profusion of gold table ware. But what seemed to please the steel master as much as anything else was a package of appropriately named cigarettes from a treasured friend who had taken his licking in the market.

An air mail from G. A. in the deep south tells of his fear of a lynching. It seems a respectable white girl is about to be married to a banker. (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Yet they have committed a crime who give false testimony. Although nothing is liable to be done in this case, it is well for witnesses or potential witnesses to keep in mind the seriousness of this crime. Sometimes, or other prosecution might follow and bring severe punishment.—Roseburg News-Review.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, May 23.—Central Park South, comprising two vast expensive blocks of recessive towers, has become the most urban and frisky strip in town. Much of celebrity glamour of the old Broadway Rialto has eddied there, and the late afternoon promenade is a sparkle of top-liners.

The rooms and hotel lounges echo with gossip of the stage and screen and many of the shoe-string productions in cubate there. Nobody knows the why of the sudden theatrical swing to the opera. Some say it began when porters started to ferret out Garbo, tilting a coyness among his spies.

Garbo living on Central Park South and the sheep came tumbling after Maurice Chevalier, too, gave a perk to its popularity. Also Robert L. Ripley, with his penthouse atop an athletic club, a gathering place for those of headline quality after the play. And Ward Morehouse's parties.

This afternoon I saw Daniel Frohman, as detached as a merman, idling in the cross flow. Blanche Yurka debouched from a taxi to be swallowed by Rumpelstiltskin. A group congealed at the curb even dandier Jack Lyell and Billy Gaston. Ans-helen Menken, a vision in green, spun outward through a revolving door.

A persistent search to find the theatrical flavor of the old Bartholdi Inn always ends in failure. It was chiefly dominated by acrobats, chorus chiefs and gentlemen of the ensemble. Respectable enough, there was a racy flavor of flippant patter that made it exciting. Its lobby was the last time I was there, freaked with the absurdity of a hand-balancer entering the elevator, feet in the air.

An accomplished snapper-up of time drifted in this morning to show he had mastered "Wait for the Wagon" on a jew's harp. I halted in mid-air, so to speak, patiently to listen and murmured congratulations. That encouraged him to show me how he could imitate a bull frog with the instrument, and he promises to be back in a few days to reveal the perfection of something even dandier—the cry of a cricket. Thus does the earnest struggle to exist become increasingly comic.

No one in the upper social realms so definitely embodies the refinements of aristocracy as Mrs. Vincent Astor. Of her guild she is most sensitive to limelight. She is gracious to society writers, but sidesteps interviews, and is perhaps the only owner of a parterre box at the Metropolitan who never occupies it. These observations were inspired by a department store sales girl who told me today that of all customers she waited upon, Mrs. Astor was the most considerate.

A few chairs removed from Edouard Herriot at a private dinner gave an excellent chance for a close-up of one who has been heralded as France's most indefatigable chain smoker. He lived up to his reputation, constantly swallowing billows of smoke and exhaling them with the ferocity of a snorting bull. While he smoked but a puff or two from each cigarette or cigar, he was forever lighting another.

Non-smokers, I suppose, tingle with self-righteousness in watching the other fellow's tirades on tobacco. For instance, I noted Aubrey Eads burnt up 16 between the arrival of coffee and time for a late movie. In one long up-grade of newspapering, a lobster trick as it is known in the trade, where I reported for work at 3 a. m. I used to limit myself to an even dozen before the several scalding cups of coffee that formed my 6 a. m. breakfast. After that brakes were off. And like every cigarette smoker, I thought every other smoker was smoking entirely too much.

Among golden wedding celebration gifts to the Charles M. Schwabe recently were a gold golf stick, a tele-

State prosecutors in the Banks trial at Eugene were successful in proving definitely that four persons claiming to be eye-witnesses of the Prescott shooting had perjured themselves on the stand. Although these four claimed to have seen the tragedy, all were forced to admit they saw no other person on the street. Some of them were proved to be at places far re-

OLD PEOPLE Live Longer at the CONVALESCENT HOME 133 Granite St., Ashland

CHRIS WOLFF. Phone 1385. FRANK HULL

Creates a "triple film" protection that keeps metal from flaking. It makes new cars retain NEW CAR PERFORMANCE.

MEDFORD OIL DEPO 207 So. Riverside—Front Sanderson Motor Co.

PHOTOGRAPH BY O. O. MCINTYRE

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 May 23, 1923. (It was Wednesday) Grass fire season starts on West Jackson street.