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Ye Smudge Pot
 By Arthur Perry.

A young man was in from the country yesterday, who has gone from bad to a Charlie Chaplin mustache.

Quite a few local transient economists, diplomats and indigents have hit out for the Chicago world fair, armed with a .45, .316, and a frying pan.

The community is gradually working itself out of the front pages of the metropolitan papers, and is mildly galled for displaying prejudice against murder, lying, half-baked treason, and low-grade skullidugery.

E. W. Carlton, the T-Rk horticulturist toward Thurs. garbed in a pair of overalls, as greasy as if they had been worn in 1925 by an auto mechanic, looking for a monkey-wrench at \$1. per hr.

'OBEY THAT IMPULSE'
 (Armstrong (Mo.) Herald)
 One night last week a party in front of the Bank of Armstrong saw a young high school student trying to crack a Ford jitney.

Long comes a young high school girl, and the way they planted the toe of their shoes in the seat of the boy's pants made an unusual picture, but not for the modern youth, we suppose. Would such a thing be common ten or fifteen years ago? Cried Gladys. You should be more thoughtful and, to say the least, considerate.

The Gleeman, it seems have suffered from a subsidiary internal civil war, and hell has no fury like a tenor.

Testimony in the probe into the affairs of P. Pierpont Morgan and his banks reveals that Mr. Morgan "forced a loan" for \$100,000 upon a Pennsylvania citizen, who apparently struggled just enough to be polite, before submitting to the force. Here Long comes a young high school girl, and the way they planted the toe of their shoes in the seat of the boy's pants made an unusual picture, but not for the modern youth, we suppose. Would such a thing be common ten or fifteen years ago? Cried Gladys. You should be more thoughtful and, to say the least, considerate.

The oldest Maru kid is now wearing long pants, and a turtle necked sweater, and by 1938 ought to be a pretty fair quarterback instead of a 2nd lot, with the forces of the Mikado at Cheng-Wah-Hoo.

A JOURNALIST FOR YOU
 (Editor & Publisher)
 Keen-minded, brilliant, his pen dipped in the stuff which only Voltaire and Tom Paine possessed—his writings on all subjects lure a wide audience, entertain, then convince. He writes with a pitchfork that jabs readers in the rear-end and no matter what they've believed, they root for him and his ideas.

Some medical snake-bit is in circulation, that causes the drinker to wish he had been bit by a snake, for the first hour.

TARDY AT \$12,000 PER
 (Cong. Record)
 The Vice President. Thirty-six Senators have answered to their names. A quorum is not present. The clerk will call the names of the absent Senators.

The legislative clerk called the names of the absent Senators, and Mr. Hatfield answered to his name when called.

Mr. Black, Mr. Bankhead, Mr. Nye, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Van Nuys entered the Chamber and answered to their names.

The Vice President. Forty-two Senators have answered to their names. A quorum is not present.

Mr. Ashurst. I move that the Sergeant at Arms be directed to request the attendance of absent Senators. The motion was agreed to.

The Vice President. The Sergeant at Arms will carry out the order of the Senate.

Act, Before It's too Late

IF THE people of Medford and Jackson county want to save the Crater Lake road they will have to do something more than pass resolutions regarding it. This paper is reliably informed there are timber companies in the tract beyond Prospect now, and the determination of the Rogue River Timber company to cut timber this season, has, as far as we can learn, not been altered.

Chairman Scott of the state highway commission, has informed the local Chamber of Commerce, that the commission can do nothing to prevent this action, and it is apparently too late to save this portion of the Crater Lake highway, by having a state park created.

An effort is being made to have the timber company exchange this tract for a similar tract in the national forest, where timber cutting would not destroy one of the most valuable scenic and tourist assets, Southern Oregon has.

But unless public opinion is thoroughly aroused, even if this action can be legally taken, it is doubtful if this plan will succeed.

IN SHORT, the only hope, as we see it, is for the people of this part of the state to get up on their hind legs, and through Governor Meier, and their representatives at Washington, bring sufficient pressure to bear, to protect this most beautiful section of the Crater Lake highway, with its glorious sugar pine and fir, its natural beauties of Rogue river and Union Creek, from commercial exploitation and destruction.

It would seem that with so many millions being spent for protection of the national forests, and the construction of new federal roads, sufficient money could be secured merely to PRESERVE the Crater Lake highway, from Prospect to Union Creek.

But as everyone's job is no one's job, unless immediate and aggressive action is taken, under proper leadership, such an effort will come too late.

Once destroyed this timber can never be replaced,—at least not in this generation. If all other efforts fail, we believe the matter should be called directly to the attention of President Roosevelt, who we happen to know, is as ardent and thoroughgoing a conservationist, as his famous predecessor, of the same name.

The Honeymoon Is Over

YES, the honeymoon is over. President Roosevelt is not going to have such smooth sailing from now on.

Faithful democrats, including our own Walter Pierce, are grumbling. The delay in distributing patronage is getting under the skin. Soon something must be done along that line. With the distribution of pie, one of the administration's strongest levers will be gone.

THIS Morgan inquiry promises to have far-reaching political results. The skirts are being greased for Secretary of the Treasury Woodin, who was one of Morgan's "favored few." And Norman H. Davis is another. He is the administration's ambassador-at-large abroad. The fact that he was a Wall Street beneficiary will do him—and America's satisfaction with the coming economic conference—no good.

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Editors in Comment on Verdict in Banks Case

Source of the Perjury. Reports come that effort may be made to indict for perjury some of the defense witnesses in the Banks murder trial who testified that they had tried Constable Prescott make threats against Banks, and that they had seen him draw a gun at the entrance to the Banks home. Fortunately the state was able to refute this testimony. Other witnesses swore that some of those claiming to be in sight of the Banks home the day of the shooting were not in the vicinity at the hour. Others located Prescott in the court house at the time he was claimed to be elsewhere breathing threats.

The case does call for investigation, even though the consensus of opinion may be that the testimony was false, that it was conceived out of design to secure Banks' acquittal. If the investigation is made it ought to penetrate far enough to see if there was any coaching of this perjury on the part of any persons connected with the defense. With such a parade of false witnesses one cannot but wonder if there was not a master mind putting words in their mouths. If so, that is the person to apprehend, not merely the easy liars who mouthed the false testimony.—Salem Statesman.

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.

OUR DOG AND ANOTHER DOG.

Tony the Welsh Terrier, like most dogs of his breed and breeding, never abates one jot or tittle when any other quadruped manifests a disposition to get tough with him. Occasionally, when we have come in from our night prowls somewhat fatigued, I have wondered, as we touched up our wounds with iodine, whether, after all, Tony would help defend the nice kind lady or even the gink who escorts him on his evening jaunt, as every member of the household defends him against hives too powerful for him to manage alone. Oh, of course, he likes us. In his way he is always sorry to see us go, and delighted to welcome us home again. No doubt he is fond of this dump, for he knows nothing is too good for him and he knows he can wheedle anything out of any member of the family by just asking for it. Still I don't believe a bit to all this mawkish sentimentality about the noble affection and loyalty of dogs for their masters or friends. That hideous monument to Balto in the park of our European metropolis betrays an abnormal tendency, a degeneracy of the race. If honest folk feel an impulse to express gratitude for the service of animals to mankind, a monument to horses for their part in giving the world antitoxin would be at least more fitting. But no, we can't pay such tribute to the horses that make the antitoxin that saves children's lives. Our attention is centered on the dog that happened to be strong enough to stand the punishment of a hard drive as leader of the team. The popular worship of this dog legend is akin to the prevalence of imaginary "hallucinations."

I like dogs. Most doctors do. Doctors are often owners of champions. But I'd sacrifice my own or any other dog or any number of dogs any time to cure a sick child or to save a life. If anybody sincerely desires to give expression to the debt we owe to dogs he may erect a monument to the dogs that have given their lives that antitoxin might be made available to mankind.

persecuted. His opportunity for constructive leadership when he came to the valley was great—but he tossed it aside. Now his case has been disposed of. There are still many men and women facing indictments on various charges which were the outgrowth of the strife centered around Banks. There is no desire to persecute these individuals—but where a crime has been committed prosecution MUST FOLLOW. Jackson county officials will, we believe, act without prejudice, and without hatred, in seeing these trials conducted fairly and that every man and woman receives a fair and impartial trial to determine their guilt or innocence. We believe that the courts will act dispassionately and rationally. But to disregard crime is to breed crime. Prosecution is necessary, but there will be no persecution. Prejudice and passion must not enter into the equation.—Ashland Tidings.

We want to say a word in passing in regard to the Banks trial, and verdict. In our opinion the verdict as to Mrs. Banks was eminently fair. We have met Mrs. Banks and

have a strong recollection of her gracious bearing toward the old employees of the Daily News. We have never, and do not now, think her guilty of any crime. We feel it was an awful wrong to put her in such a position at all. But as to her husband—that's another story. Llewellyn A. Banks came to Southern Oregon with a bitter hatred of mankind in general and an exalted ego. He always reminded us of a spoiled baby, who, when crossed, threw himself on the floor and howled bloody murder. We have felt sometimes that if he could have had the old treatment for such actions when he first began them—that is a vigorous application of a hair brush where it would do the most good—he might have come out of his tantrum and been a good little boy. But his history through the years shows him to be a man entirely wrapped up in self. From a boy he has followed an independent career as a fruit "middleman." Any thought of restraint on his own selfish interests for the sake of the majority, has always irked him. Never has he taken thought as to what was best for all—it was all for Banks and Bank alone.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY
 By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, May 25.—Thoughts while strolling: Victor Moore walks like a penguin. And Bobbie Clark's profile is a ringer for Herbie Swopes.

What became of Martha Hedman? And Gypsy O'Brien? Grand actresses, they were. Funny how Al Smith likes Brad on his suit. Has courage to wear it, too.

One word description of Hype Igoe—gritty. Incongruously enough, nothing suggests calm like a wind-mill.

William Bolitho summed up New York accurately with: "It seeks smartness by hiding enthusiasm." Desolating thought: Broadway will no longer be enlivened by Wilson Mizner and Grant Clark.

Dr. Christian F. Helmer, an Atchison, Kans. boy who made good in the city, may get over it, but I still can't pass the Empire building without involuntarily shudder. That taxi driver has Jim Tulley's mop of hair—like fire in a thorn-bush. Depressing to see youngsters on way to school. How I hated it!

One of my favorite people—W. O. Shepherd. The name on that sign will have me jittering the rest of the day.—Madin McGee Morouse. They say the Jay O'Brien, dead, used only pink sheets and pillow slips and carry them on travels. Clemenceau silent in pink flannel nighties, too.

You can't put anything on Ernest Truax that will make him look dressed up. Oo, oo! what big eyes Nancy Carroll had! Roy Chapman Andrews, after living on the Gobi desert so long, looks as though civilization annoys him. After all it is beginning to get on the nerves of lots of folk!

The stage has produced few hap-

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We know he represented himself as the friend of the common people; the laboring man; the producer. Well, think it over. Do you honestly believe a man who will spend \$7000 in fixing up a fancy front office with mahogany doors, mahogany counters and desks and such, and at the same time compels the laboring men in his employ in the same building to walk about their work wearing rubber boots to keep their feet dry on account of the poor condition of the roof over the workshop, is much of a friend of labor? And what of a man who wears fancy clothes, lives in a mansion, and drives a \$5000 car, while poor working people in this employ are compelled to seek aid from the county because they can't collect their wages?

And we hear a lot of his buying of fruit for cash. Do you believe for a minute if he couldn't make a fine profit on those peaches he would have done it! Bah! Don't make us laugh. His selfishness and egotism has brought its own reward. A jury of disinterested men and women have spoken and we are content. The verdict is split: the count was fair and in spite of the damnable lying on the part of some of his misguided followers, (which, by the way, we hope will not go unpunished) is a Bank has got just what was coming to him.—Central Point American.

You just can't keep Medford out of the limelight. If some of her high-spirited women are not thrashing someone with a horse-whip, or her militant reformers are not shaking officers of the law, or her Ku Kluxers are not hanging someone to a tree, her young people get into the national limelight by disappearing from West Point. You just can't keep a good town down. Must be the climate.—Corvallis Gazette Times.

There's a tingle watching that finished trouper, Charles King. No one has a greater artistry in putting over a song. There is nothing about his routine that suggests being inspired; rather it is polished workmanship. He tilts his silk hat with a delicate, studied touch. The energy of his walk, the timing of his mannerisms, the upward glance toward the balcony—all constitute a showmanship only acquired by years of studying audience reaction. Plus, of course, an earnestness to please.

There is the yarn about the philanthropist and department store genius, Jesse I. Strauss, arriving in Paris to accept the American ambassadorship. "Galeria Lafayette," he is reputed to have cried, "we are here!" To which President Lebrun responded: "Macy beaucoup!"

"The New Yorker" from a real life pastel today. A sad-eyed gentleman with the forehead of a Spanish mackerel, a vacuous expression and teeth-for-three tooth gazing at the passing throng. Above him a large sign read: "Information!"

And there is a frayed and forlorn postcard in the mail today from a cactus stop in old Mexico. It trumpets: "Peace has broke out down here again!" (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

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