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What Price, Democracy!

DID you ever look over the history of popular franchise? It is a most interesting study. The amount of blood and treasure expended through the centuries to gain the franchise—the right most of us consider so fundamental and commonplace—is simply appalling.

Wars have been fought, countless lives have been sacrificed, fortunes have been spent, untold suffering has been endured, to give the men and women of today, the right to vote—the right to determine the character of the government under which they live.

Under the circumstances it is rather strange, we have never established a popular franchise day. We celebrate Independence Day, Decoration Day, Thanksgiving Day, but we have never set apart a day to commemorate the achievement, without which none of these days, would have been possible—the securing of universal suffrage.

WE believe the establishment of such a day would be decidedly worth while. If more people—particularly young people,—realized what their forefathers had sacrificed to give them the ballot—a secret and an honest ballot—they would perhaps be more conscious of their duty on election day—be less indifferent to exercising a privilege, secured at such sacrifice, by those who have gone before them.

Once destroy this privilege, once impair the secrecy and honesty of the ballot, and the achievement of centuries, is gone. Popular rule is over, democracy is dead.

SO every election day is a test of good citizenship, a test as to whether this generation really appreciates what has been done for them, really deserves the power they have been given. For on election day that equality which forms the cornerstone of democracy is literally attained. The man (or woman), entering the voting booth, is King. Old or young, rich or poor, prominent or obscure, he has equal power with every other man. No one is greater. The man—the common man,—is supreme.

As that priceless privilege was only obtained by struggle and sacrifice, it can only be RETAINED, by fighting unceasingly, against forces—any forces,—seeking to destroy it. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and eternal vigilance is also the price of democracy.

Maintaining that privilege unscathed, sustaining that power, which is democracy's birthright, unimpaired; certainly is the duty of every right thinking citizen in a Democracy.

The Saloon Is Dead

PRINTED in another column of this paper is a communication from Mrs. Alice Applegate Sargent, of Jacksonville, for whose opinion we have the highest respect.

Mrs. Sargent opposes the repeal of the 18th Amendment, because she believes it will mean the return of the old time saloon with all its vice, squalor and degeneracy.

We can't agree with Mrs. Sargent. We don't believe Prohibition repeal will mean the return of the old time saloon. If we did we would oppose repeal quite as strongly as she does.

THERE are few issues upon which American opinion is unanimous, but in our judgment the return of the old time saloon is one of them,—at least opinion is as unanimous as can be humanly attained.

And that opinion is unanimously AGAINST. No one wants the old time saloon. Practically no one will even tolerate the idea. The saloon as it was before repeal, is as dead as King Tut.

On the other hand more and more people, don't want a continuation of Prohibition, as it has developed in this country the past ten or fifteen years. They don't want speakeasies; they don't want bootleggers and moonshiners; they don't want a gin-plastered and flaming youth; they don't want any continuation of the destructive and unholy alliance between illicit liquor and organized crime.

THEY have, therefore, come to favor prohibition repeal, and with President Roosevelt a "NEW DEAL" in the entire business of intoxicating liquor. They are convinced liquor CAN'T be prohibited; they are equally convinced the old time saloon can't be tolerated.

They believe some other solution of the problem, CAN be realized, which will eliminate the evils of both these systems, and by infringing on the personal liberty of no one, both reduce the burden of public debt, and advance the cause of REAL TEMPERANCE.

That is the view of this paper. We believe it is a view shared by more and more thinking people and we believe this feeling, rather than any desire for strong drink, is the compelling force behind the present repeal movement.

Editorial Comment

Not "Newspaper" Crime
The lamentable affair of Medford, Ore., the culmination of which was the conviction of a violent crusader of second degree murder, is something to be deplored. There is in the circumstance a lesson that should be taken to heart.

Llewellyn A. Banks, a business plunger and with a heart bursting with envy for all whom he could not subvert to his own trend of thought and domination, shot and killed an officer of the law who was attempting to make legal service of a document ordering the murderer into court. In the defense there was not the slightest attempt to show that the act of shooting was other than justifiable. It was but a circumstance in the career of a man who would rule or ruin—or murder.

Many will longest remember the circumstance as murder by an editor. As a matter of fact, there is nothing in the atrocity of crime or connection to require those of the newspaper profession to apologize for. It is true the murderer had been publishing something of a newspaper. It is better known that the publication was nothing else than a propaganda sheet used for advancing the personal aims of the murderer. The conviction and ultimate punishment of Banks can stand as a necessity of law and order if government shall continue. Men have no right to take to themselves powers assumed because of a brain that reeks of intolerance of the rights of others. Many

occasions arise where radicals seeking to control the press, are not content with control of short of murder but carry on with almost equal violence.—Bremerton (Wash.) Searchlight.

On June 15 the Evans Valley home extension unit will plan its program for next year, and elect officers. This will be an all-day meeting, starting at ten a. m. and adjourning at three. Phoenix Home extension unit will meet Friday at the Presbyterian church in that city to plan its program, and elect officers for the ensuing year. Mrs. Ralph Wilcox is program chairman.

A Veteran Speaks Out
To the Editor:
I heartily endorse your editorial "A Crisis for F. D."

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.

FOR HEALTH'S SAKE GET THAT BIKE.
Women in trousers. Women driving their own cars. Women rolling past to market on roller skates. Women with short cropped hair. Women smoking as unconcernedly as men. Women in congress. Women in the cabinet. Women in medicine. Women in law. Clergywomen.

Why, I can remember—and I hope my readers can't—the time when I got off some sour cracks in this column about the bold huswags who had their hair bobbed, back in the days when hair, skirts and faces were positively required to be long.

Figures do not lie, at least not nearly so much as they did in the days when it was a bit brisque for a woman to ride a bicycle. Whatever fears we old fogey physicians may have had about the effects of all this change in the ways of womanhood, the facts have proved that the modern article is superior in every respect to the 19th century woman. Notably more capable and efficient is the woman of today in child-bearing and child rearing. Physically she is a distinct improvement upon the woman of the past generation.

Driving a car is a precious little exercise. Having a car at her disposal even if she has enough spirit to drive it herself, is an unfortunate thing for a healthy woman. It would be much better for her to run many of her errands or go shopping or pay calls afoot, for part of the exercise she must get if she wishes to retain her youth and beauty.

Oh, it is healthful, all right, to drive your car, that is, if you have no obsessions about air, sunshine, weather, drafts, etc. But after all, it is not exercise, and you cannot expect to keep trim and fit if you evade your daily stint of work, play, exercise.

Walking, which was formerly democratic and economical recreation and exercise, has become too expensive for folks of ordinary means. It takes two hours a day to walk six miles in ordinary city traffic. Six miles a day is the minimum essential to keep an ordinary individual fairly fit.

Riding a bicycle is quite as valuable exercise as is daily walking, and you can get approximately the same benefit from an hour of riding that you get from two hours of walking. So if you can't afford to walk, get a bike and do the best you can for your metabolism. Arrange with a

group of congenial friends to ride together for mutual encouragement and protection. Bicycles are available everywhere for hourly rental, if you haven't one of your own.

Speaking of metabolism, how is the old metabolism anyway? A bit slow? Well, if you want to do something for it, we have a new edition of the Last Brady Symphony available now—send a dime and a stamped envelope bearing your address and your copy will be mailed to you. The Symphony is a series of exercises, described and pictured, which Old Doc Brady devised to keep people fit. The Old Doc devised and published the exercises before the war. Later some pirates stole the idea, coined a catchy name for it and sold it to the public without apology.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Radium for Cancer.
Woman with cancer of cervix, under radium treatment. The doctor says the cancer has just started. Patient's friend, a train nurse, writes her that radium does not cure, and that there is only one way and that is to have the womb removed at once. Patient feels better since she had radium treatment. Does the nurse know more than the doctor? (H. W.)

Answer—If the patient has confidence in her doctor there is no reason why she should not put the question to him and have the opinion and advice of one or more other physicians upon the method of treatment best for the case. She must not remain in doubt.

Fit for Maternity?
I am about to be married. My older sister had a baby a few years ago and soon afterward went into tuberculosis. I have not been a bit well for the last four years. Do you suppose that if I were to have a child I would go the same way? (Miss B. J. R.)

Answer—That is not the question. The question now is, are you fit to marry? Before you contract marriage you owe it as a duty to yourself, your intended husband and your offspring in future, to undergo one or a series of careful examinations by your physician, to make sure you have no tuberculosis. When your doctor is satisfied you haven't the disease, then you can marry, live happily and then your family. Such prolonged intimate exposure as you had, if your sister lived with you, is the most likely way to catch tuberculosis. Only by careful examinations at intervals for several months can a physician make sure you haven't the early stage of the disease. To marry without that assurance would be tragic and criminal.

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Communications

Opposed to Dry Repeal
To the Editor:
The Bible tells us that "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." This is true, it is also true that out of the abundance of experience the mouth speaketh.

My experience of the evils of drink has not been confined to one country nor to one state alone, but has been nation-wide.

Near all the army posts the saloon men plied their disgraceful traffic. These men made it their business to know when the paymaster came, due to pay off the soldiers, then they were enticed into the saloons and given drugged whiskey and robbed.

Nothing could be done for these saloon keepers were licensed to sell liquor. Since prohibition became a law this has all been done away with. True, prohibition has not been as great a success as we had hoped, but I know from my own experience that it has not been a failure.

We need a change, new and more drastic laws, but we must not do away with prohibition. Many tell us that conditions are worse than they have ever been. I know positively that this is not true. People seem to think that the speakeasies came in with prohibition. This also is not true, these we have had always with us but they were operated under another name. In the days of the open saloon they were known as "blind pigs." Here is an example: In Allegheny county, Pennsylvania, there were 2000 blind pigs. Saloons were running wide open, but the men who operated the blind pigs were selling liquor without a license. This is authentic information—think it over.

Let us hope that the thinking people of Oregon will not vote for the repeal of the 18th amendment. Do away with prohibition and just as sure as the sun rises in the east, and sets in the west we will have again the open saloon, an evil most truthfully portrayed by the following poem:

"THE SALOON BAR
A bar to heaven, a door to hell—
Whoever named it, named it well!
A bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health.
A bar to honor, pride and fame,
A door to sin and grief and shame;
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair.
A bar to honored, useful life,
A door to crawling, senseless strife;
A bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave.
A bar to joy that home imparts,
A door to tears and aching hearts;
A bar to heaven, a door to hell—
Whoever named it, named it well!"

—ANON.

ALICE APPLEGATE SARGENT, Jacksonville, June 8, 1933.

A Veteran Speaks Out
To the Editor:
I heartily endorse your editorial "A Crisis for F. D."

I hope with you that a distinction

A STRIKING AIR VIEW OF FLOODED WABASH VALLEY



A remarkable picture of flood damage in southern Indiana and Illinois is provided by this air view of the Wabash river overflowing its banks, causing property loss and retarding spring planting. (U. S. Army Air Corps Photo—From Associated Press)

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, June 10.—I have been cleaning out an old desk today, a tickety affair fit only for kindling

wood. It was bought second-hand with the first check—\$8, earned as a practitioner of belle-lettres. The yellowing contents seemed mostly a bundle of hellish heart-aches.

Four warped drawers were filled with stuff no one would buy. The nearest a manuscript in success was one that held this brief from an editor, by a clip: "We were tempted to buy this but it lacks something. Why not try again?"

It's a matter of record, that six more tries were made but none made the grade. One I noticed began hotly-tootily: "The Hudson rose grey like a coil of blown smoke." I read on trying to catch some fugitive vein of talent. It was not there and I freely forgave the editors.

There was a long poem, too, that had been called into a disappointed wad. It must have been written about the time Vachel Lindsay was beginning to be heard and expressed a bulimia for Lindsay's effects. Also a caustic cutting from Don Marquis' column about another columnist that was torpedoed after one edition.

One forlorn essay parodying the mendering Michael Arlen style that flared into such sudden hoop-la was returned by Harpo's Bazaar without customary rejection slip, but there was an epistolary sting just the same. The editor had written: "This is fair parody but poor essay." A consolation was comparing it with another note among my laces and penates of three years ago which reads: "Your piece for Harpo's Bazaar rings the bell. It's a pippen!" One of the few instances where comparison was not odious.

In a cubby-hole were cached glorious twinges in the shape of brief messages about nothing in particular from E. C. B. C. L. Edison, W. W. Wurra, McLaughlin, S. Jay Kaufman and Robert Emmett MacAlarney, popular writing folk of that particular day. Also a frayed and yellowing

Oregon Weather
Fair Sunday and Monday, but with local fogs on the coast; slightly warmer Sunday in the interior; gentle northerly winds offshore.

Fender and metal repairing. Price right. Brill Sheet Metal Works.

Runaway freight car from Ashland yards passes through city 75 miles per hour and stops on hill side of Gold Hill. It took eleven minutes to travel from Ashland to this city. No damage.

Pierce's Hot House tomatoes at your grocer's. The quality is fine and the price is right.

Card of Thanks
We wish to express our sincere thanks to our many friends and neighbors for their sympathy and kindness in the loss of our beloved son and brother. Also for the beautiful flowers.

Mrs. H. H. Beck
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Beck
Mari Foster.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 40 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
June 11, 1923
(It was Monday)
Balkan war looms and situation in China alarms.

Senior class at the high school goes out into the world after graduation exercises at Page.

Up to noon, 150 autos registered at the Chamber of Commerce.

Al Piche catches 14 trout on a No. 1 spinner below Grants Pass.

Motion pictures to be taken of the auto races at the fair grounds.

Forest service issues permit for E. P. Beckelmeier to build a garage at Union Creek.

After three trials two are acquitted of bootleg charges.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
June 11, 1913
(It was Wednesday)
Paul McDonald has returned from O. A. C. where he was president of the freshman class.

Discussing the current styles for women, the Oakland chief of police, en route south on the Shasta limited, said: "Any normal man would look around," he said Peterson, "and rubber when he saw the dresses chopped off at the ankles, split at the knees and fitting like a glove."

Court Hall writes another letter to the editor, declaring that Bud Anderson, "Fido of Medford," will be lightweight champion after July - Sid Brown, Dr. Emmens and Tom Fuson hold me up in this claim," wrote Mr. Hall.

Moore lodge will hold picnic Sunday at "Woodville on the Rogue."

Runaway freight car from Ashland yards passes through city 75 miles per hour and stops on hill side of Gold Hill. It took eleven minutes to travel from Ashland to this city. No damage.

Pierce's Hot House tomatoes at your grocer's. The quality is fine and the price is right.

New Christian Science Church President Is for World Peace Movement

BOSTON, Mass., June 10.—Word that no further contributions to the fund for the building of the new \$4,000,000 home now being erected for The Christian Science Publishing Society need be made after July 1, was announced here today at the Annual Meeting of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist.

Members from many lands—more than 500 in all—heard the message from the Directors, read by Mr. Charles E. Heitman, chairman, which hailed the "sacrifice and unselfed efforts" of those "who have made possible the completion of the new Publishing House without delay and without debt."

Announcement was made of the election of the following officers: President—Miss Mary G. Ewing of Brookline, Mass.

Clerk—Ezra W. Palmer of Brookline, Mass.

Treasurer—Edward L. Ripley of Brookline, Mass.

Miss Mary G. Ewing is a native of Quincy, Ill. She received her schooling in that city and in Chicago. Christian Science was first brought to the attention of her family through the healing of her father, Judge William C. Ewing, her mother, Mrs. Ruth B. Ewing, subsequently became a pupil of Mrs. Eddy, and a teacher of Christian Science. Mrs. Ewing first received instruction in Christian Science from her mother, and later in 1910, from the Board of Education of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College in a Normal Class.

The new president served as a Secretary of First Church of Christ, Scientist, Chicago, of which she is a member. From 1918 to 1926 she was a member of The Christian Science Board of Lectureship of The Mother Church. She retired from that Board to become a trustee of The Christian Science Pleasant View Home and The Christian Science Benevolent Association in Boston, from which position she resigned in 1931 to become a member of the Bible Lessons Committee which prepares the Lesson Sermons used in the Sunday services of Christian Science churches.

In her address, the new president, Miss Ewing, said in part: "Perhaps never before in the history of the Christian Science movement has there been a time when the comfort and encouragement of our Annual Meeting could pour so rich a balm into our hearts, nor when its inspiration and blessing carried beyond these walls could mean so much to the world of human thought and endeavor. For, today, that world is facing the claim of evil conditions in human affairs unprecedented in influence and extent, conditions which know no barriers of race, nation or tongue.

"In human experience, he regenerating influence of Truth begins with the individual, spreads from one individual to others, from group to group until eventually it must leave the whole mass of human thought. Then will wars cease and the true brotherhood of man be made apparent, to be seen to be established and maintained by God's law; then will the bounty of God's house be realized and men dwell together in security and peace."

NOTICE

We will take City or County Warrants, Stocks and Bonds as part payment on new and used cars.

See Page 9 for list of cars.

Armstrong Motors Inc.

Headquarters for Chrysler, Plymouth, Hudson, and Terraplane, Cadillac.

Room with Bath with Bath one Person \$200

Room with Bath with Bath two Persons \$250 UP

THESE ARE THE new LOW rates AT THE IMPERIAL HOTEL

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