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Ye Smudge Pot

A great desire fills our people to be sent to Salem, as long as it is not in the custody of the sheriff, judging by the number of aspirants for the legislature.

Harvey Bailey, America's No. 1 badman, and Badman No. 2 are now on trial in Oklahoma, with their necks at stake, but Badmen Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 are still at large, and criminally busy in a region long notorious for its speedy lynching of colored folks, either suspected or occasional lawbreakers.

There has been enough of it, but preliminary steps have been taken to have NRA men—NOW RESUME AGITATING.
HAIN'T EDUCATION WONDERFUL!
(Hartshorn, Pa. Telegraph)
Schantz, Michael Wolochowicz, who has served as a director of the Dixon city school board for seventeen years and who has filled the office of board treasurer for a long time, testified in court here today that he cannot read or write and that he never went to school a day in his life.

The President may approve sound money. The sound money, like sound pictures, should be able to stretch as well as talk.
Neuritis and the weather continue as the main topics, in the home, with nothing done about either.
Boy bicyclists who don't care where they are going are once more scaring the daylight out of motorists, who never before cared where they were going.

Silverware now threaten to take their victims to Ashland.
It's the same old tragic story of the timber—two hunters shot, and killed on the second day of the deer season, and more to follow, if the law of averages holds out. "Details are meager"—they always are. For weeks before the hunting season opens, hunters are cautioned, and editorially beseeched, "don't shoot till you see horns."

Robberies Cost R. R.'s \$576,346.
WASHINGTON—(UP)—Losses suffered by the nation's railroads through robberies during 1932 totaled \$576,346, according to a report of the American Railway Association. The highest figure ever reported was in 1920, when the carriers lost \$12,726,947.

Send the "Best" to Salem

IF SUDDENLY and without warning the people of Oregon should learn that an armed foe was marching on this state, what would they do?

They would immediately get together the strongest fighting force available, under the best military commanders, to repel the enemy.

For the time being all other business would be dropped. No time would be wasted in waiting for federal or outside help. Like the minute men of old the people would arise to do the job themselves, under the best leadership they could secure.

WELL there, under no armed foe marching on Oregon, but there is a foe threatening the serious injury if not the destruction, of this state nevertheless. It is the foe of economic collapse, just as surely endangering our homes, and the security of our families, as if the weapons were poison gas and bombs instead of merely bare cupboards and empty pocketbooks. The state is in critical danger, financially.

What should the people do in this case? Obviously just what they would do in the first case. Immediately get together the strongest fighting force available, waste no time in waiting for outside assistance, but prepare to do the job themselves under the best leadership that could be secured.

THAT is what should be done in this matter of sending two new representatives to the special session of the state legislature from Jackson county. This community and this state face a crisis. It is no time to consider mediocrity, or partisan politics, or ANYTHING but the pressing problem that confronts us and its prompt and satisfactory solution.

The two best men,—best in the sense of most able and effective—should be sent to represent Jackson county at the special session. For this will be the most important legislative session, in the recent history of this state.

This session must solve the state financial problem, the state relief problem, the state liquor problem, the state educational problem; it must devise a workable plan for saving this state from bankruptcy and economic destruction.

It is no time to quibble about whether a man is a Republican or a Democrat, whether he is young or old, whether he lives in one section of the county or another, whether he earns money with his HANDS or his head. There is only one thing to consider—what CAN HE DO, what has he done, is he a man of character, force and capability,—or is he merely a nice fellow, a time server or an also-ran. Above all has he some qualities of independence and leadership for in this session mere mocking birds or "yes men" are going to be hopelessly lost in the shuffle.

If he is an outstanding man of ability and integrity he should be sent. If he isn't he shouldn't be.

BUT will this be the procedure? We doubt it. That comparison of the present situation with the situation of an invading army is somewhat overdrawn of course, but the analogy is THERE, nevertheless. Oregon is in real danger; it does face a desperate emergency. But dropping all other business to get the best men and the best leadership available, is unfortunately not the fashion in practical politics. There are backs to be scratched, debts to be paid, compromises to be made.

And that is one reason—in fact the chief reason,—why this state is in the mess it is, at the present time; and why it looks like such an insurmountable task, to pull it out without serious injury.

Everyone's Business, Nobody's Business

JACKSON county will not elect the two new legislators. Governor Meier will appoint them. But the governor naturally will first test out public opinion in the county, and endeavor to pick out the two most nearly representing the will of the majority.

The two strongest men should receive the strongest popular support. What party labels they may wear, or what walk of life they may come from should have nothing to do with the case. They should be selected solely on their qualifications for the jobs they will assume, and their ability to deliver the goods.

BUT with about as many potential candidates as there are cull pears on the ground, with one faction for this man and another for someone else only a miracle can establish the final selection on this basis. Unless all signs fail instead of the two best men being selected, the two least likely to offend certain organized minorities will be chosen.

In short the outcome will be a compromise. And like all compromises particularly in a time of strain and stress, the results will be disappointing.

Too bad. But this is the political way,—the way of least resistance. The wonder is not that we get so few good men in public life, but that under the procedure we blindly follow, we get ANY AT ALL!

If we ran private business as we run public business there wouldn't be a solvent concern in the country. The amazing thing is how our various governments, local and national, in spite of our bunglesome and slipshod political methods, somehow "muddle through."

And when looking for a scapegoat we need look no further away than ourselves. We the people are to blame, and on one else. The people in this democracy can have whatever they as a body insist upon. They do get, as has been so often stated "just what they vote for."

If they vote for a failure that is what they get, if they vote for a demagogue, a man who can incite the mob and turn class against class and nothing else that is what they get. If they vote for a man big on promises and short on performance, that is what they get, too.

But if they take the time to analyze the situation a little—say as much time as they would spend in selecting a new hat or pair of shoes or a movie,—and choose a new public official, solely on the ground of his fitness for the job—then they get a good official and they get good government.

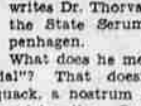
The pity is,—and the tragedy—they do not TAKE that time!
Little Turtle, one of the greatest of Indians of his time, is reputed to be buried in a spot now located in the back yard of Dr. George W. Gillie, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.
Signed letters pertaining to personal ailments and systems not to disease diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady in a stamped self-addressed envelope 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, 265 El Camino, Severy Hills, Cal.

PROTECTION AGAINST WHOOPING COUGH

My good colleague, in fact every quack doctor's colleague (please omit wisecracks) is the well known John J. Conscience Jack is not a mere parochial phenomenon. Not a bit of it. His fame extends to Denmark too.
The greatest difficulty of the effect of the whooping cough vaccination is that no suitable control material is at hand. So writes Dr. Thorvald Madsen, from the State Serum Institute, Copenhagen.



What does he mean "control material"? That doesn't matter to a quack, a nostrum vendor or a testimonial writer. But it should matter to any honest individual who has a medium of common sense.

If a thousand guest cockroaches in the home of A are liberally treated with sodium fluoride powder sprinkled into all corners or nooks where the roaches may run; and another thousand guest roaches in the home of neighbor B are provided with the same food, shelter and everything except the sodium fluoride, the 19,823 B-roaches will serve as an excellent control in the appraisal of the value of sodium fluoride powder as a roach exterminator or repellent, when you check up on results after a week or so.

In an epidemic of whooping cough in the Faroe Islands in 1923 and in an earlier epidemic in 1923-24, some valuable control observations were made. In the earlier epidemic whooping cough vaccine was given to 2,094 individuals but none was given in 627 other cases. The vaccine then used did not prove of any value as a preventive, but did make the illness milder and did lower the death rate,—which was only one-twelfth as great in the vaccinated group as it was in the unvaccinated.

(It is unfortunate that the medical profession persists in calling such treatment "vaccination," for it is not vaccination. It is not inoculation. No disease or disease germ or virus is injected or inoculated. Only the chemical substance of the killed bacteria is injected. This applies not only to whooping cough, but to diphtheria, typhoid, tuberculosis and other specific diseases in which bacteria are employed either as prophylaxis or as treatment. Smallpox is

the only disease against which vaccination is employed—a true inoculation of disease virus.)
In the 1929 epidemic of whooping cough in the Faroe Islands, 1,832 individuals were given the Bordet-Gengou bacterin and 446 were not. This time the treatment prevented the development of the disease in 458 of the 1,832 individuals, whereas of the 446 individuals who did not receive the bacterin only eight escaped the disease.

This whooping-cough bacterin or "vaccine," then, offers a good chance of preventing the attack if given before or immediately after exposure, and moderates the severity of the attack if given before the whoop develops.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Endurance.
I am attempting a 16-mile endurance swim, making eight or nine miles steady swimming overboard trudgeon stroke. What kind of nourishment should I take on a swim like that?—P. C. M.
Answer—Cane sugar or glucose in solution—in tea from a flask or special cup served from your attending rowboat. Or milk chocolate or any kind of candy you prefer.

Eating Fruit.
For years I have taken one or two oranges, or their juice, every morning for breakfast, for a change sometimes grapefruit. Now some friends say citrus fruits are condemned as unhealthful. . . .—Mrs. J. B. J.
Answer—If you like the fruit or fruit juice every day it is healthful. Send a dime and stamped envelope bearing your address, for booklet "Guide to Fruit Eating."

Immunity Against Typhoid.
Some time ago you wrote that some people who receive the typhoid prophylactic come down with tetanus, but this would not prevent you from taking it yourself or having it given members of your family. From this I gather that there is some risk of tetanus when one receives the typhoid prophylactic. . . .—G. L. C.
Answer—No, you confused what I said about typhoid bacterin with what I said about vaccine. There is no danger involved in receiving the typhoid bacterin, and all who travel much should have the protection it confers. There is a certain element of danger involved in being vaccinated against smallpox, for a vaccine virus, unlike typhoid bacterin, cannot be sterilized and hence accidental infections such as tetanus (lockjaw) and septicemia (blood poisoning) are occasionally inoculated in vaccine. (Copyright, 1933, John F. Dille Co.)

Ed Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY
By O. O. McIntyre
SALEM, Mass., Sept. 22.—This remains a spooky and fascinatingly somber town. Never was it shaken off the aura of those 18th century days when at Salem Village "possessed persons" were garroted for witchcraft on Gallows Hill. The dank air still seems to ooze with the hideous sweat of necromancy.

Little wonder the Salem-born Nathaniel Hawthorne found it fitting locale for his snuddery "The House of Seven Gables." Indeed, all dwellings appear meditative with iron-clamped secrets to keep. This summer the back fence gossip buzzed over the alleged husband poisoner, Jessale Costello.

We circled the court house and jail and visited the Peabody cottage to which Mrs. Costello returned when freed. Also the witch house, with jail and strolled at sundown on Gallows Hill, where 22 chained innocents died because even such learned divines at Cotton Mather believed them bewitched.

Children now romp on Gallows Hill playground. A marked contrast to a sudden frenzy that, lightning-like, struck this brittle-dry New England town of such stagnant calm. And gushed from its granite surface one of the darkest, bloodiest epochs in formative days of the nation.

But there are highly comic reliefs in the stilted meter. Most conspicuous is the placed red-bricked and green-hedged memorial—a beautiful edifice indeed slantwise on a prominent corner—to Lydia E. Pinkham!

Every square has a simple tablet proclaiming the town's nexus with history. I copied at random from a modestly painted wooden sign in the yard of an equally modest cottage: "Captain Pitt lives in this house. He warned the British Captain Leslie that the North Bridge was not a King's Highway, Feb. 26, 1775." What typical New England brevity and how eloquent!

But we detoured here chiefly to see "The House of Seven Gables." Hawthorne's story was a favorite of adolescence, although a reading ten years ago found it ramblingly tedious. Yet there was a perk turning down the shabby side street to see the old timbered mansion blackened by the lash of so many fierce gales.

Mystery still shudders about its many gables. And wind becomes a banshee wail!

Even the overhanging tinkly bell sounded when we opened the shop door—the same niche where the vine-garish old maid, Hepzibah Pyncheon, conducted her forlorn cat shop in the story. Outside the brooding elm, so often mentioned, spread stark branches. The shop now sells the book and mementos. A 25-cent fee per head is charged to explore the dwelling so fiction ridden with death and strange noises.

We saw Hawthorne's favorite seat, his desk when he visited there. The clerical was a hawk-nosed type whose voice intoned a rasping whine. With conical hat she might pose for an artist's conception of a witch riding a broom. In frigid indifference, she pointed out the corner cupboards, the chair in the exact position when the Judge was found dead in it, ponderous oaken chest, the harpsichord upon which Hepzibah strummed in the mellow parlor, and, of course, the seven gables.

The secret stairway is the place of resistance. Only Billy, the Boston, who would tag along, seemed unimpressed. He devoted himself to customary sniffing. Entrance to the stairs is a closet ostensibly for wood, but at the end a slide panel to the secret passage winding about the immense chimney. At the top a door opens by a mysterious lock in the fireplace of the room to be entered. Back of the house a pleasant sea-garden and, I confess a feeling of relief reaching it.

Salem is quite unhampered of its bedeviled era. There are Old World laundries, team rooms, antique shops and so on. The fact is it sprinkles the drab town with tourists. Superstition, too, has come down through the generations. Children knock on wood before crossing streets.

It's grand, skipping about this way, to awaken out of a fog of sleep and try to remember where you are. But I'm smart. Today I was not half to 8 before I remembered Salem. But I wish I had thought of grabbing someone's ankle ahead and going up those secret stairs. A card if there ever was one! (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Ye Poet's Corner

He married a lass from a Gypsy band
On a night in early spring;
And the neighbors shook their heads and said,
"O, he can't cage so wild a thing."

How could they know in their prim, staid way
That to sleep on a grassy knoll
And glimpse one's face in a limpid pool
Can grow wings on a nomad's soul.

Staunchly she tried to learn their ways
Of calm content—until
She saw the fluttering new white gown
Or a wild plum tree on the hill.

And on the day that a taunting breeze
Brought the scent of the greening earth,
Her husband foraged his evening meal
And the ashes littered the hearth.

The dust grew thick on floor and chair
While the neighbors whispered:
"Blood will tell,"
And "One can't tame a gypsy thing."

Far and away 'neath a star-hung sky
Her bed is the mossy loam—
As a spring breeze lured her from his side—
May the north wind blow her home!

BLANCHE LOGAN O'NEAL

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of the Mail Tribune of 26 and 10 Year Ago.)

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
September 29, 1913.
(it was Saturday)

Many citizens hailed into court for failure to have lights on their bicycles and parking their cars on residential streets all night.

Fair weather is predicted for Elks picnic Sunday.

Combined school districts will erect schoolhouse at Wimer.

Little golden haired Adra Edwards will sing, "Precious Jewels," as a solo at the First Methodist church tomorrow evening. The charm of Adra's sweet personality, and the appeal of this famous child's sacred song will be made doubly effective by the use of the spotlight.

Fire on the E. B. Hanley ranch on Ross Lane causes \$3000 damage, and great excitement, when an outbuilding catches fire. After a great effort a large barn full of hay is saved from the flames.

Residents of the Griffin Creek district to hold irrigation meeting.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
September 29, 1923.
(it was Monday)

Federal experts arrive to study fruit problems.

Bybee bridge over Rogue to be finished and open for traffic October 10.

Two operations in a day for appendicitis at Sacred Heart hospital.

Five local hunters enter pleas of guilty to setting fires in forest, as

they found it easier to pay a fine than stand trial in Portland.

Local baseball fans are warming up over the world series. Only Dave Wood and Judge Kelly pick the Philadelphia Athletics to defeat the New York Giants.

Pre-cooled pears get best prices on New York market.

All 1914 Buicks will have the Delco self-starter. It is announced.

The high school football team is practicing nightly for a game with Klamath Falls. Rex Yamashita, a 190-pound Japanese, is the main man of the local squad.

53,000 See Glacier Park.
GLACIER PARK, Mont.—(UP)—Visitors to Glacier National Park totaled 53,449 to August 15, compared to 37,132 in the same period of 1932, park officials have announced. This represents an increase of 44 per cent. Car registrations at the park gates jumped from 9830 last year to 14,327 this year—a gain of 45 per cent.

Constable May Lose Fees.
HARTFORD, Conn.—(UP)—An effort to abolish the fee system under which constables in small towns work will be made at the next session of the legislature, according to Benjamin Forkes, counsel for the New England Motorists' association, because the practice is "breeding a rotten system of motor traps."

Dance, Lake Creek Grange. Butte Falls orchestra. Sat., Sept. 23.

Swedish Massage Hours 2 to 5
Corrective Exercises By Appt.
Oscar S. Nissen, P.T.
Physical Therapeutics
Formerly Director and Instructor
Massage Dept., Boston City Hosp.
528 E. Main St. Medford, Ore.

BEER DANCE
ALL YOU CAN DRINK FREE!
Through the Cooperation of the
EL REY BEER
Distributor, We Will Serve
Free Beer With Our Dutch Lunches
at the New Upstairs BEER GARDEN
SATURDAY NIGHT at JACKSONVILLE
No Increase in Prices . . . And We Will DANCE TILL 2
Kegs of El Rey Go On Tap at 9 p. m.
COME EARLY — GET YOURS!

"MAN, Super Shell certainly has power!"
"I couldn't help but notice the difference on this trip into the Cascades," says Geo. Tuma of Portland. "And not a knock, the motor was remarkably quiet all the way."
YOU HEAR IT EVERYWHERE
What a difference Super-Shell makes!
WITHOUT FORMER 3¢ PREMIUM
Contains Eka-benzol, a pure petroleum product high in anti-knock and mileage qualities

Here's Another Food Delight for Kids and Growups.
On Sale Saturday, At Your Favorite Food Store
JELLY-ROLLS
Made from Beck's Fine Butter Sponge Recipe
6 for 19c
Beck's BAKERY
"MY Old Kentucky Home," near Bardonia, Ky., where Stephen Collins Foster wrote the song of that name, formerly was known as Federal Hill.