

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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ROBERT W. REHL, Editor

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DRUGGISTS ASSOCIATION

NRA MEMBER

Ye Smudge Pot

The freedom of the press has again caught its tail in the door.

The Republican party is worrying about who will be its presidential nominee in 1936.

TENOR SAX, silver, gold bell, for 30-30 Savage rifle or anything of value.

The administration threatens to abolish the Coyote-Catching Bureau in this state.

Robins have returned from winter quarters to be laid low by boys out in the open with 22's.

T. Farlow, the Lake Crk. cowman, towned Tues. attending to biz, and was kept on a steady lope.

A gent released from the Utah state prison last Thursday was back in Monday.

Farmers fear if they fill out the hog reduction contract in full and correctly, they will get no spring plowing done.

Higher education in Oregon now has two presidents and a chancellor.

The Public Speaking class and Shivers are both dormant.

The anti-Sales Tax argument, "it will take the bread out of the poor man's mouth" should be revised to read, "it will knock the beer glass out of his hand."

E. Tunny, the boom day 3rd baseman, discussed a billion dollars in \$10,000 lots in the presence of O. Carter Boggs and B. Thieroff yesterday.

The Eugene Register-Guard cooking editor has discovered 200 ways to cook carrots, and either the carrots are not fit to eat, or the cooks don't know their business.

The nickel cigars that cost a nickel are being puffed by the proletariat.

Roosevelt Starts After Crime

WE have heard a great deal about money recently. Well speaking of MONEY, how much do you think organized crime costs this country annually?

\$12,933,000,000!

Senator Copeland of New York is authority for that statement. It isn't a guess. It is a total compiled from insurance statistics, vital statistics, state, city and federal reports.

Twelve billion, nine hundred and thirty-three million! Over a BILLION dollars a month. It isn't a temporary or emergency expense.

If all the criminals in this country could be herded together and thrown into the Pacific ocean tomorrow, this country, without levying another tax, could pay off its huge national debt in less than two and one-half years.

But, of course, this can't be done. Crime has always been with us. Crime always will be—at least until the millennium—which appears at this date to be several years away.

But it CAN be checked. It can be materially reduced. And Uncle Sam has started out to do it.

WE are glad to state that the first comprehensive measure to combat organized crime, has been introduced into the senate by Senator Copeland, and has the administration's hearty support.

The first move will be to check racketeering. Some idea of the cost of racketeering may be gleaned from the fact that it costs \$321 to ship a carload of poultry from Iowa to Jersey City.

Thanks to the racketeer it costs \$387 to unload that car and ship the chickens a stone's throw across the Hudson river to New York! The racketeer boss gets that.

The second big drive will be against the kidnapper. And the third against the gunman, the holdup man,—the organized gun toter in this country.

SO that Uncle Sam may get on the kidnapper's trail without too great delay, it is proposed to pass a law that in the absence of the return of a person who has disappeared, it shall be presumed that such person has been transported in interstate or foreign commerce.

To check up gun toters a most elaborate system of control of all manufacture and retail sale of guns and ammunition is proposed. Every bullet is to be finger marked, as it were. No one can purchase a gun, except by an official permit, which identifies the purchaser as a citizen of good reputation, and with no criminal record of any sort.

To render conviction of dangerous gangsters less difficult, for any witness of a crime to flee to another state is made a felony. The great difficulty in convicting criminals has been the sudden disappearance, just preceding the trial, of important witnesses for the state.

There is also a provision to stop the abuses by criminals of the habeas corpus, abolishing the right of appeal, in all cases where a writ of habeas corpus has been granted. That is to say the accused has just ONE chance of habeas corpus, he can't call it up for the rest of his life.

A GAIN strict supervision of every convicted person granted a parole is established, and the rules for parole are clamped down. Even more important is a blow directed at the "alibi" racket. Criminal lawyers are forever springing alibis at the last moment, too late for the state to prepare evidence against them.

Under this new law it is proposed that an alibi shall not be interposed unless notice of intention to do so, is given at the TIME the accused is arraigned for trial. In that way the prosecutor may be prepared to combat it.

There are a great many other provisions, too numerous to mention. But all of them represent an earnest desire to get at the root of this crime wave, and as far as it is humanly possible, crush a lawless warfare against society which is costing the people of this country, nearly \$13 billions of dollars a year!

In taking this action Senator Copeland and President Roosevelt can rest assured that they have the support of every right thinking man and woman in the country behind them.

The drive has started too late,—but better late than never!

Vanitas, Vanitatum

A DULL looking piece of milky quartz was found in South Africa yesterday. It weighed less than half a pound.

Yet the finder refused \$375,000 for it, and another rock of about half its size. For it was a diamond, perhaps the lost half of the famous Cullinan diamond.

And while the diamond market isn't so hot these days, that chunk of crystallized carbon, when properly cut and polished, will probably be worth half a million dollars or more.

Strange, isn't it? That any human being would care to pay a fortune for a polished crystal, that is of no earthly use to anyone,—except as an ornament!

Strange but true. If it weren't for vanity—the desire to shine,—the urge to rise above the crowd, and indulge that frequently forgotten "SUPERIORITY complex"—a great many long established firms would have to quit business.

Why are diamonds so valuable? Because of their intrinsic beauty! NO, because of their RARITY.

If diamonds grew on bushes,—as they did in the fairy tales,—we doubt if even Mae West would take the trouble to get up early in the morning and pick a peck of them. What would be the use? "Everybody would have 'em."

There are exceptions of course. But as a rule we humans strive HARDEST to get, what there is the least chance of others—including ourselves—securing.

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.

THE RIGHT DOSE OF ANTITOXIN IS A HEROIC DEED

I killed a woman once, not with premeditation nor through negligence or mistake, but by accident, while I was trying to save or prolong her life.

I saw a sweet little four-year-old child sink down to death from poison while I withheld the antidote I had in my hands and argued and pleaded with her ignorant parents to permit me to administer the antidote.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Exercise and Digestion. Please advise whether it is wise for us (wife and self) to do our six miles on the hoof in the evening after dinner?

LET us now suppose, is a man of unquestioned ability and integrity, in whom everybody has confidence.

With the money thus obtained, in the form of wages, D, E, F and G, buy C's potatoes. G then pays a bill which he owes to A, thus enabling A to employ still more labor.

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

Muted orchestras were playing Viennese waltzes in the foyers and under the boquets of palms matronly ladies were knitting while starchy gentlemen with cigars grouped in corners discussing the times.

Bill Halligan has rounded back to the hoop-la after a self-exile in Hollywood lasting two years.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—(AP)—Nearest perhaps to an American Max Beerholm is Frank Crowninshield editor, bon vivant and one of the most civilized of our city's socialites in every meaning of the word.

Those "strange little people" who have had tough going the last few years in both the theater and circuses, got a Broadway break the other week in a revival of the tear-jerking old meller, "No Mother to Guide Her"

Bagatelles: Joan Crawford is considering a play in which she plays a demure role for the Broadway stage.

Richard Watts, Jr., long a city reviewer, is paying his first visit to Hollywood.

Henry Sell is a dime a dance boy for exercise before dinner.

While his mind falls into pleats of serene optimism, his pen at times becomes a rapier for satiric thrusts.

West 42nd street auction rooms are irresistible. I rarely pass without popping in. Near entrances are men trying to look like the general public, but who somehow bear a racial and family resemblance to the auctioneers.

Today I watched the sale of a silly china shepherdess curysing in my direction. Suddenly the auctioneer, a ringer for Sam Bernard, towed a desk back at me.

Also I wandered through the West 30's last evening amid the almost forgotten zone of that area.

Stated communication of Medford Lodge No. 103, A. F. & M. Frig. Jan. 18, at 7:30 p. m.

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Comment

on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

PAUL MALLON, whose Washington dispatches appear daily in this newspaper, says:

"Close observers have figured out what is in front of President Roosevelt's eye now is a project of pouring billions of government money into the hands of the people to accomplish the same objects his other experiments failed to produce—higher price levels and renewed business activity. He is using relief as a vehicle for stimulation."

THAT is to say, he proposes to borrow money from those who have it and spend it with those who HAVEN'T, his purpose being to put idle money to work and thus stimulate business activity.

IT is a big project—so big that its very vastness makes it hard to grasp. So let's see if we can reduce it to simpler terms, so that we may understand better how it works.

WITH this idea in mind, let us suppose that A, B, C, D, E, F and G live in the same isolated community.

A, let us now suppose, is a man of unquestioned ability and integrity, in whom everybody has confidence.

LET us now suppose that A, the man in whom EVERYBODY has confidence, goes to B and borrows his \$100, and with the money so obtained gives jobs to D, E, F and G, cleaning up his place—painting houses and barns, building fences, etc.

With the money thus obtained, in the form of wages, D, E, F and G, buy C's potatoes. G then pays a bill which he owes to A, thus enabling A to employ still more labor.

What President Roosevelt hopes to do, you see, is to use the credit of the government to BREAK THE STAGNATION that has existed for the past couple of years and start the wheels to turning again.

When it is reduced to simple terms, so that it can be understood by everybody, it really doesn't look impossible at all.

A CLUE IN THE DRYAD HUNT. If there are dryads in Oregon trees, writes a correspondent whose pseudonym is "Constant Reader," and who anxiously forbids the publication of her letter, then surely there must be a dryad in the madrons. And it is such a nice letter, too. However, there is no least harm in presenting her dryadic fancy or theory as a contribution to the mild excitement of the dryad hunt that, to the present, has been dolorously unproductive of brown, ethereal maidens.

FOR the look you—says she—is not the madrona the very residence for a dryad? The almost incomparable smoothness of reddish-golden bark, forever renewed, which is to the hand as a loved cheek might be, the glossy greenness of the comely leaves, the lifted, curving branches, the quite evident joyousness and contentment of the tree—that original, bright look the madrons wears—these indicate a spiritual essence that can have no other significance. Go—our correspondent suggests—to where the madrons are and cast aside every skepticism and observe the tree closely. Believe you shall have a glimpse of a dryad. Yet this privilege would not be for everyone. Unhappily this is true.

There are folks who see very well, but perceive so little. It would, I suppose, be useless for such a one to spend a whole afternoon under the edge of the hill, pretending to sleep, but really keeping a sharp watch on the madrons trees. He would see no dryad—but only the trees, with their red-brown, satiny bark, a bark you love to touch, and their clean twigs bare to the sun, and whose lovely shifting green leaves are borne.

But for another, who has made vows to the wind, and praised the

Editorial Comment

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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 January 18, 1924. (It was Friday)

Paving of the road from Jacksonville to Rich is asked by county court.

Police report that "children roam the streets all night, and the parents never ask about them."

Reese Creek school holds winter roast.

City council of Rogue River votes to improve the streets.

Sams Valley is surprised at the number of road warrants issued for that district.

Irrigation lures new people to the Eden Precinct.

A general rain is needed, as cool weather prevails.

Leap Year party held at Phoenix church.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY January 18, 1914. (It was Sunday)

Greater Medford club organizes school children in campaign to eat flies, and abolish spitting.—(Ed note: So recently, a "horrid word".)

Fruit crop for coming year is estimated at 1800 cars by Prof. O'Gara.

Southern Oregon Auto Association to test validity of auto license law.

James D. Bell sends copies of the New Year edition of The Mail Tribune to every hotelman in North Dakota.

Mail-Tribune editorial denounces "inability of this rich area, to reach enough spuds for its own needs." The last sentence reads: "Pie! on such lack of enterprise!"

Free cigarette holder is given with every package of Omar cigarettes sold this week by local dealers.

BEAGLE, Jan. 18.—(Sp.)—Mr. and Mrs. Jess Walker and family were Sunday guests at the Chas. Walker home.

Herbert Dennison spent Monday evening in Medford attending a lodge meeting.

John, Carl and Frank Nelson and their sister, Mrs. Bennett, attended the program and dance given at Antelope Saturday evening.

The county has replaced the tile in the creek in the Sanderson land with a new bridge.

Ruby Schultz was 9 years old January 16 and Mrs. Schultz treated the school with two birthday cakes and tapoca pudding. The children enjoyed the party and also the fortunes that were in the cakes. All wish Ruby many more happy birthdays.

Sunday school elected Doris Moore superintendent and Miss Clara Eddie secretary. Mrs. Moore is teacher of the primary grade.

Cleo Sims spent Sunday and Monday with Lawrence Sanderson.

Rose and Walter Gillette entered school the first of the week.

Mr. Salter and little daughter were Sunday callers at the Dennison home.

Leo and Lonnie Martin spent the week end with home folks, returning to their work at the Dixie orchard Monday.

Herbert Mayfield of Redmond, Ore., is here visiting his mother and family at Agate. Monday and Tuesday he visited friends in Beagle and the Meadows.

Mrs. Lloyd Abbott and baby daughter, Carol, who have been staying with Mrs. Abbott's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Luke Jennings, for the past two weeks, returned to her home at the Modoc orchard Sunday.

Mary Solice and Hubert Mayfield spent Tuesday visiting at the Sanderson home.

Ward Blaine is out of school this week on account of sickness.

Leo Sakrada is spending two weeks with his folks in Phoenix. Mr. Sakrada is staying on the ranch here while he is away.

Mr. and Mrs. Schultz and Mrs. Perdue were Medford shoppers Tuesday. Tommy Mulhollen went home from school sick Tuesday afternoon.

Wood cutting and fence repairing is the chief occupation of the farmers around here since the hard rain Saturday and Sunday.

HOLY

Now Playing LILLIAN GISH ROLAND YOUNG

HIS DOUBLE LIFE ALSO

IRON MASTER

Coming Sunday

DESIGN FOR LIVING

FREDERIC MARCH GARY COOPER MIRIAM HOPKINS IRVING HORTON

an Crest Lubricants

Wanted - Housekeeper, motherly, home, clean, Board room, small wages. Address E. L. Mail Tribune.

WE HAVE a Piano, excellent condition, guaranteed, covered by private party, making money. Must see tonight or Friday. Cash taken. Come make offer. This is a Tiny Bungalow size. BALDWIN PIANO SHOPPE 218 So. Grape.

FOR SALE OR TRADE - White Holland Turkey, 1 Tom and 1 Hen, for chickens. 116 Williams St.

FOR SALE - Laying pullets, Leghorn. Rocks, Red. Phone 814-X.

TAKE NOTICE Grand Piano buyers, Use Baldwin's as a sacrifice. Must sell now. Will take your old upright piano as first payment. Balance like rent. See this at once. BALDWIN PIANO SHOPPE 218 So. Grape.

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